

Russia

4-Week Morning Time Session | AwakenToDelight.com



Russia

Charlotte Mason Morning Time™

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Originally created and written by Lara Molettiere as *The Homeschool Garden*

Edited and updated by Alisha Gratehouse and Olivia Gratehouse

Cover image: *Over Eternal Quiet*, Isaac Levitan, 1894, Public Domain

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What is Morning Time?

Morning time is a modern interpretation of Charlotte Mason's philosophy of providing a generous variety of short lessons with an emphasis on excellence of execution and focused attention.

It is a lovely daily ritual in which you gather your whole family together to partake of the richness of God's Word, as well as the beautiful subjects that you don't want to get pushed aside by traditional school subjects.

And it is a perfect choice for helping you avoid the overwhelm of trying to fit it all in by looping through all the delightful extras you want to enjoy!

About this Curriculum:

Homeschooling mother, Lara Molettiere, originally created this curriculum as *The Homeschool Garden* in 2018. Her love of music, literature, fine arts, and Charlotte Mason's method led her to create a delightful and simple-to-follow morning time curriculum for her family.

Each volume is rich with the truth, beauty and goodness that Miss Mason encouraged, and provides a generous and varied education all planned out for your family — from elementary to high school.

In over 19 years of homeschooling utilizing the Charlotte Mason method, I can attest to the beauty of this lifestyle of learning. In fact, it completely shaped and formed who my children are today — artists, writers, musicians, and lovers of literature, poetry, and nature.

That's why I am thrilled to be taking Lara's beautiful curriculum, rebranding it as **Charlotte Mason Morning Time™**, and building a delight-filled community around it so that other families can experience the joy it brings!

Aligha

How to Use These Plans

If you love the Charlotte Mason style of learning, then you'll absolutely *adore* these morning time sessions! Not only are they rich with all the beauty you want your family to enjoy — scriptures, poetry, Shakespeare, picture study, art lessons, music, nature study, and more — they are all planned out and gathered together for you!

There is no need to hunt down the various elements you want to include or go digging around the internet in search of art, music, or poetry to complement your studies. You don't even have to purchase additional resources because we include them all here: art pieces for your picture study, sheet music and links to hymns and folk songs to sing along with, links to classical pieces to listen to, copywork printables for manuscript and cursive practice, and much, much more!

We offer a generous feast, but please remember that you don't have to partake of everything that's on the table, nor do you even have to clean your plate!

Adapt these plans to suit your family's unique needs and schedule. If you only school four days a week, either skip the fifth day, or add one item from the scheduled fifth day to each of your four school days.

Don't stress if you can't fit something in, you can always circle back around to it later. Pick and choose what you want to do depending on which season of life you're in.

Simply print out the schedule (and any parts of the curriculum you need), bring all your kids and teens together each morning, and enjoy that day's scheduled lessons and recommended read-alouds.

Don't forget we've included an art lesson, a handicraft lesson, nature studies, and tea time recipes with each session. These would be delightful "afternoon occupations" if you can't fit them into your morning time.

Each day's scheduled activities should only take around an hour or so to complete (excluding the art and handicraft lessons).

Features

Essential features of *Charlotte Mason Morning Time*™ curriculum are:

- Prayer & scripture memorization
- Poetry memorization & recitation
- Copywork pages for elementary through high school
- Artist biography & picture study
- Composer biography & classical selections
- Hymn study & singing
- Folk song
- Literature recommendations
- Handicraft lesson
- Art lesson
- Nature study
- Teatime recipes
- Teatime selections to read aloud including:
 - Poetry
 - Short stories or
 - Fairy tales or tall tales
 - Mythological tales
 - Fables
- Shakespeare selections
- Plutarch (in some volumes)
- History (in some volumes)
- Geography (in some volumes)

Each of these subjects are planned out on a 4-week or 6-week (depending on the session) calendar, and looped throughout the days and weeks.

Now, you will never feel overwhelmed trying to fit "everything" in because it's already simply and beautifully planned out for you on the calendar on the following pages.

Please Note: The "Recommended Reading List" is not required. Pick and choose the books you want your family to enjoy, or continue with the family read-aloud you're already immersed in.

Week 1 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Ephesians Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	1 Chronicles 10	1 Chronicles 11	1 Chronicles 12	1 Chronicles 13	1 Chronicles 14
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Amazing Grace	Art Selection 1: Blue Mountain Read: Wassily Kandinsky	Folk Song: Little Birch Tree	Listen to: Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy Read: Tchaikovsky bio	Nature Study 1
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Read: Anastasia Romanov bio				
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Read: Osip Mandelstam bio	Ephesians Prayer Copywork	Poetry: Alone I stare into the frost's white face	Ephesians Prayer Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Tale of the Firebird	*Tale of the Firebird	*Tale of the Firebird	*Tale of the Firebird	*Tale of the Firebird
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Russian Black Bread, Read: Baba Yaga				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 2 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Ephesians Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	1 Chronicles 15	1 Chronicles 16	1 Chronicles 17	1 Chronicles 18	1 Chronicles 19
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Amazing Grace	Art Selection 2: Squares with Concentric Circles Review: Wassily Kandinsky	Folk Song: Little Birch Tree	Listen to: Swan Lake Review: Tchaikovsky	Nature Study 2
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Review: Anastasia Romanov bio				
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Review: Osip Mandelstam bio	Psalm 23 Copywork	Poetry: The Twilight of Freedom	Psalm 23 Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Russian Fairy Tales, Prologue	*Russian Fairy Tales, Ch. 1	*Russian Fairy Tales, Ch. 2	*Russian Fairy Tales, Ch. 3	*Russian Fairy Tales, Ch. 4
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Russian Pound Cake Read: Sadko			Art Lesson: St. Basil's Cathedral	*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 3 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Ephesians Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	1 Chronicles 20	1 Chronicles 21	1 Chronicles 22	1 Chronicles 23	1 Chronicles 24
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Amazing Grace	Art Selection 3: Composition VII Narrate: Wassily Kandinsky	Folk Song: Little Birch Tree	Listen to: The Sleeping Beauty Narrate: Tchaikovsky bio	Nature Study 3
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Narrate: Anastasia Romanov bio				
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Narrate: Osip Mandelstam bio	Alone I stare into the frost's white face Copywork	Poetry: From Stone	Alone I stare into the frost's white face Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Russian Fairy Tales, Ch. 5	*Russian Fairy Tales, Ch. 6	*Russian Fairy Tales, Ch. 7	*Russian Fairy Tales, Ch.8	*Russian Fairy Tales, Ch. 9
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Apple Cake Sharlotka Read: The Christening in the Village				*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Week 4 Schedule



Subject	Day 1	Day 2	Day 3	Day 4	Day 5
<i>Prayer</i>	Pray Ephesians Prayer				
<i>Bible</i>	1 Chronicles 25	1 Chronicles 26	1 Chronicles 27	1 Chronicles 28	1 Chronicles 29
<i>Memory Work</i>	Scripture	Poetry	Scripture	Poetry	Review previous memory work
<i>Beauty & Nature Loop</i>	Hymn Study: Amazing Grace	Art Selection 4: Circles in a Circle Discuss: Wassily Kandinsky	Folk Song: Little Birch Tree	Listen to: Romeo and Juliet Discuss: Tchaikovsky bio	Nature Study 4
<i>History/ Geography</i>	Discuss: Anastasia Romanov bio				
<i>Language Arts/ Citizenship</i>	Discuss: Osip Mandelstam bio	The Twilight of Freedom Copywork	Poetry: I don't remember the word I wished to say	The Twilight of Freedom Copywork	
<i>Read Aloud</i>	*Russian Fairy Tales, Ch. 10	*Russian Fairy Tales, Ch.11			
<i>Afternoon Occupations</i>	Bake: Strawberry Cheesecake Vatrushka Buns Read: Ivan the Peasant's Son			Handicraft: Friendship Bracelets	*Nature journal *Nature walk

* Indicates suggested, but optional activities

Recommended Reading List

Geography

CM Geography: Book 4 - The Countries of Europe: Their Scenery and Peoples- PDF included

Elementary & Middle Grades

Breaking Stalin's Nose, by Eugene Yelchin

The Red Umbrella, by Christina Diaz Gonzalez

Broken Strings, by Eric Walters and Kathy Kacer

God's Smuggler Young Readers Edition, by Brother Andrew, John Sherrill, and Elizabeth Sherrill

Red Scarf Girl, by Ji-li-Jiang

Zlata's Diary, by Zlata Filipović

The Wall, by Peter Sis

Angel on the Square, by Gloria Whelan

Upper Grades

God's Smuggler, by Brother Andrew, John Sherrill, and Elizabeth Sherrill

The Story That Cannot Be Told, by J. Kasper Kramer

Twentieth-Century Caesar: Benito Mussolini: The Dramatic Story of the Rise and Fall of a Dictator, by Jules Archer

Many Worlds: A Russian Life, by Sophie Koulamzin (11th and up)

Senior and Mom Level

All the Light We Cannot See, by Anthony Doer

Grey is the Color of Hope, by Irina Ratushinskya

Between Shades of Gray, by Ruta Sepetys

Journey into the Whirlwind, by Eugenia Ginzburg

Iron Curtain: The Crushing of Eastern Europe, by Anne Applebaum

Family Read-Alouds

The Tale of the Firebird, by Gennady Spirin

Russian Fairy Tales, by Gillian Avery

Prayer & Scripture Memorization

For Bible reading, we will make suggestions for your morning time reading. However, if you'd prefer a more in depth schedule, we recommend checking out various plans that will help you read the Bible through.

For a one-year plan, we recommend YouVersion's One Year Bible: <https://www.bible.com/reading-plans/60>. You can also listen to it being read aloud on the app.

Download a two-year reading plan from the Gospel Coalition here:

<https://media.thegospelcoalition.org/static-blogs/tgc/files/2010/12/TGC-Two-Year-Bible-Reading->
This session, we will learn the **Ephesians Prayer** and focus on writing and memorizing **Psalm 23**.

Ephesians Prayer:

Father, I stay alert and persevere in prayer, interceding on behalf of all the saints. I pray for fellow brothers and sisters in Christ who are persecuted because of the Gospel. I ask You to give them powerful words to speak, that they may open their mouths boldly and courageously as they make known the mystery of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

(Ephesians 6:18-20)

Psalm 23:

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. 2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. 3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. 4 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. 5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous. 6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

Father, I stay alert and

persevere in prayer,

interceding on behalf of all

the saints.

I pray for fellow brothers

and sisters in Christ who

are persecuted because of

the Gospel.

I ask You to give them

powerful words to speak,

that they may open their

mouths boldly and

courageously as they make

known the mystery of the

Gospel of Jesus Christ.

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(Ephesians 6:18-20)

1 The Lord is my shepherd;

I shall not want.

2 He makes me to lie down

in green pastures;

He leads me beside the still

waters.

3 He restores my soul;

He leads me in the paths

of righteousness

For His name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk

through the valley of the

shadow of death,

I will fear no evil;

For You are with me;

Your rod and Your staff,

they comfort me.

5 You prepare a table

before me in the presence

of my enemies;

You anoint my head with oil;

My cup runs over.

6 Surely goodness and

mercy shall follow me

All the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the

house of the Lord

Forever.

1 The Lord is my shepherd;

I shall not want.

2 He makes me to lie down in green pastures;

He leads me beside the still waters.

3 He restores my soul;

He leads me in the paths of righteousness

For His name's sake.

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For You are with me;

Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.

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You anoint my head with oil;

My cup runs over.

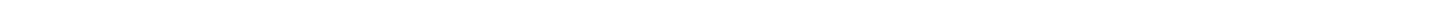
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All the days of my life;

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Forever.



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the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil;

For You are with me;

Your rod and Your staff,

they comfort me.

5 You prepare a table before me

in the presence of my enemies;

You anoint my head with oil;

My cup runs over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy

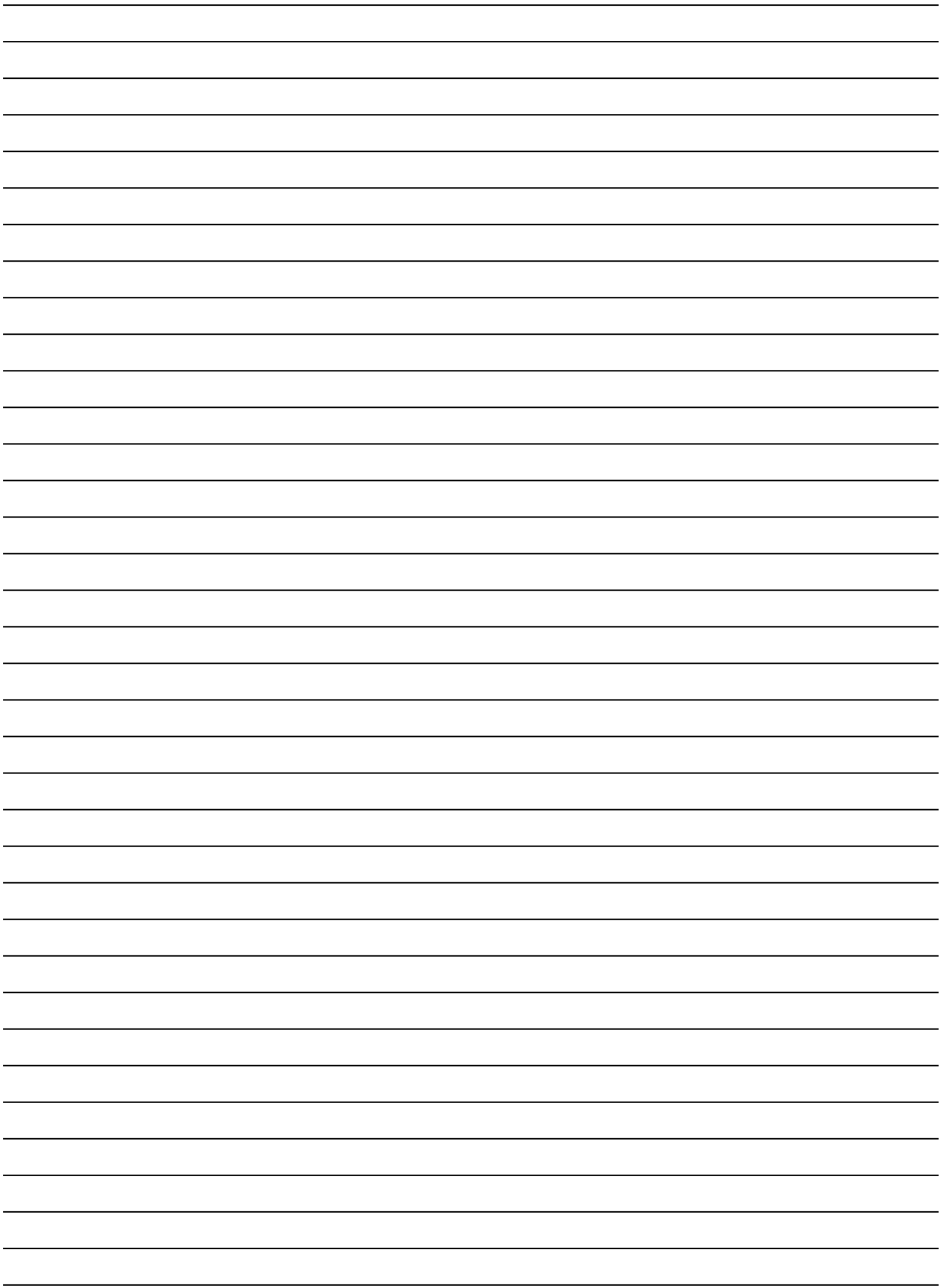
shall follow me

All the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the house

of the Lord

Forever.





Artist & Composer Study

This session's featured artist is Wassily Kandinsky. We've included four art selections for your kids and teens to use for picture study. They are:

- *Blue Mountain*
- *Squares with Concentric Circles*
- *Composition VII*
- *Circles in a Circle*

Our featured composer is Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky. We've included four of his pieces (with links to each) to listen to. They are from:

- Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy
- Swan Lake
- The Sleeping Beauty
- Romeo and Juliet

Artist & Composer Study



Wassily Kandinsky

December 4, 1866 – December 13, 1944

Wassily Kandinsky (pronunciation) is one of the most influential artists of the early 20th century. He is credited as being the pioneer of abstract art, and his work heavily influenced the Expressionist movement.

Kandinsky was born on December 4, 1866, in Moscow, Russia. His father was a tea merchant, and his mother came from a noble family. Kandinsky spent his childhood in Odessa and graduated from school in 1885. He then studied law and economics at the University of Moscow.

However, Kandinsky's true passion was art, and he began taking private painting lessons in 1892. He also started to frequent art exhibitions and was

particularly drawn to the work of French Impressionists, such as Claude Monet and Pierre-Auguste Renoir. In 1896, Kandinsky decided to abandon his promising career in law and economics and instead enrolled at the Munich Academy of Fine Arts.

Kandinsky believed that art should be expressive and accessible to everyone, not just those with formal training in art history or appreciation. He once said, "Color is a power which directly influences the soul. Color is the keyboard, the eyes are the hammers, the soul is the piano with many strings. The artist is the hand that plays, touching one key or another, to cause vibrations in the soul."

One of Kandinsky's most famous paintings is *Concentric Circles*, which features a series of expanding and contracting circles in different colors. The painting is meant to evoke a sense of movement, and the use of color is intended to create an emotional response in the viewer.

During the later years of his life, he traveled throughout Europe and parts of Africa. He spent over a decade in Germany, teaching at an art school until World War II broke out and the Nazis closed it down. Kandinsky then traveled to France, where he settled and eventually became a French citizen.

Kandinsky died in 1944, but his work continues to be highly influential in the world of art today. His unique approach to color and form paved the way for a new generation of artists to explore Expressionism and abstract art.

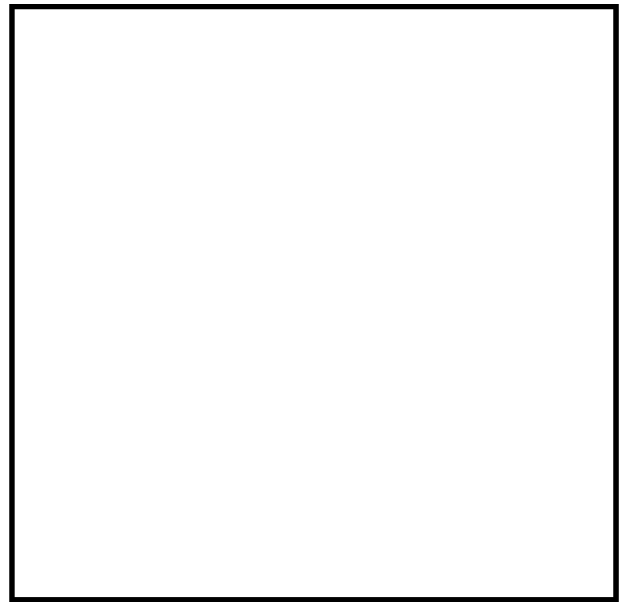
Artist Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

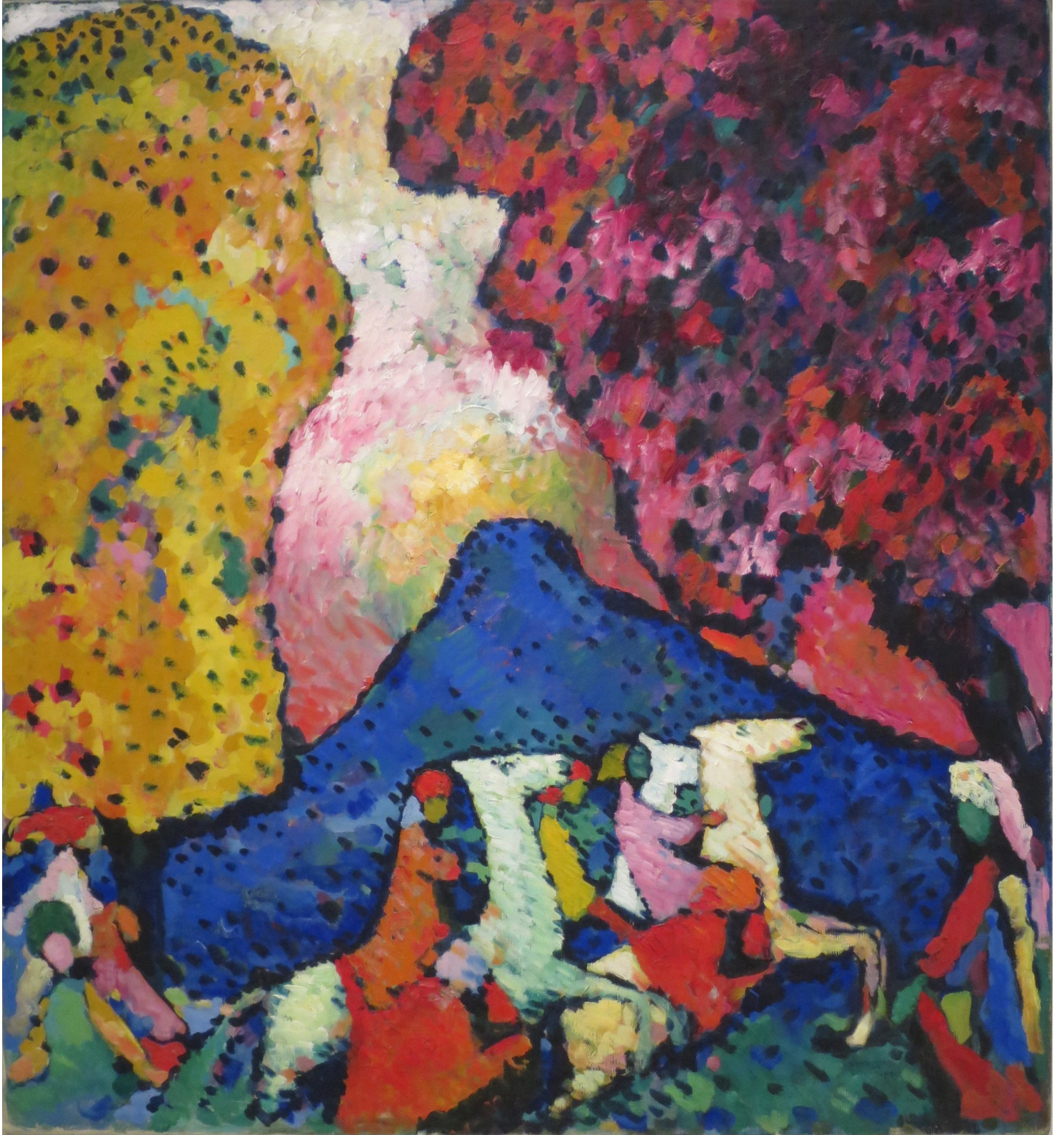
Artist Fun Facts: _____



Art Mediums Used: _____

Famous Artworks: _____

Further Study:



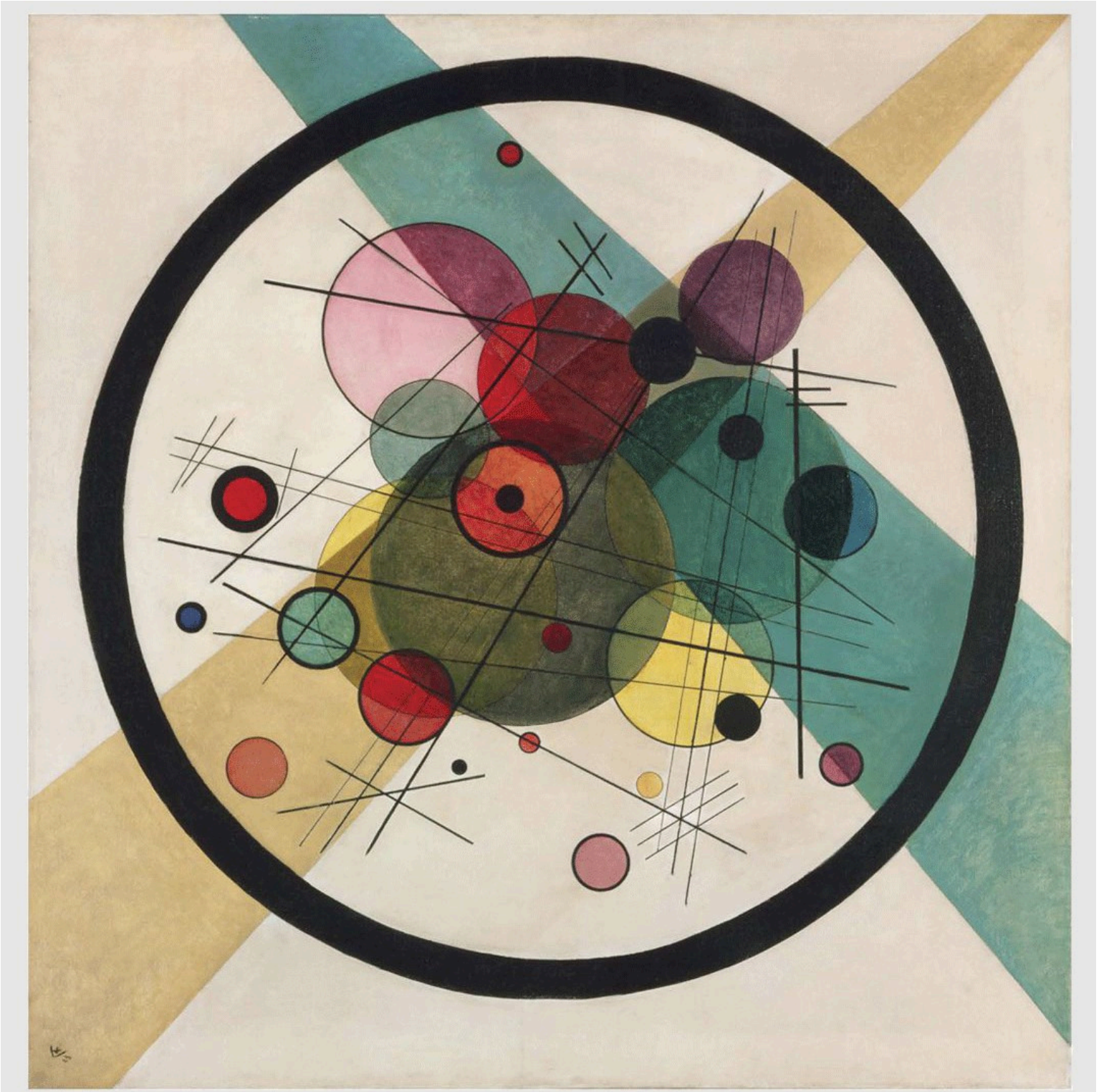
Blue Mountain, 1908-1909



Squares with Concentric Circles, 1913



Composition VII, 1913



Circles in a Circle, 1923

Picture Study

Title: _____

Date Created: _____

Art Mediums Used: _____

Further Study: _____

Use the box to draw a picture inspired by this artwork.





Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky

May 7, 1840 – November 6, 1893

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky, a renowned Russian composer, was born on May 7, 1840, in Votkinsk, a small town in the Russian Empire. He came from a family with a strong cultural background, and his early exposure to music laid the foundation for his future success.

Tchaikovsky's musical journey began with piano lessons at the age of five. After three years, he was said to have become as well-versed in reading sheet music as his teacher. At ten years old, he began to study at the Imperial School of Jurisprudence in St. Petersburg. Sadly, his mother passed away a few years later when he was only fourteen.

Tchaikovsky began his first serious composition while he grieved her loss, a waltz to honor his mother. After he graduated, he began work in civil service. However, his passion for music prevailed, and he later enrolled at the St. Petersburg Conservatory, where he honed his skills in composition. One of Tchaikovsky's breakthrough moments occurred with the premiere of his *Symphony No. 1*, also known as *Winter Daydreams*, in 1866. This marked the start of his ascent in the music world. His compositions often drew inspiration from Russian folk melodies, incorporating them into symphonies, ballets, and operas.

Tchaikovsky ventured into the world of ballet compositions when he began working on his famous *Swan Lake*, which was not initially well-received by critics but today is one of the most popular ballets of all time. Tchaikovsky's later collaboration with the renowned ballet dancer and choreographer Marius Petipa resulted in some of his most celebrated works, including *The Nutcracker* and *The Sleeping Beauty*. These ballets showcased his ability to weave captivating melodies with emotional depth, capturing the hearts of audiences worldwide.

Despite his musical successes, Tchaikovsky faced personal challenges, including his grief over his mother's early death when he was fourteen, as well as his shy and sensitive nature. His emotions and experiences found expression in his compositions, adding a layer of sincerity to his music.

The year 1893 saw the premiere of Tchaikovsky's *Symphony No. 6*, also known as the *Pathétique Symphony*. Tragically, this powerful piece became his final symphony, as Tchaikovsky passed away shortly after its debut. The circumstances of his death remain a subject of speculation and mystery.

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky's legacy endures through his timeless compositions, which continue to enchant and inspire generations. His ability to convey profound emotions through music, coupled with his dedication to Russian cultural influences, solidifies his place as one of the great composers in classical music history.

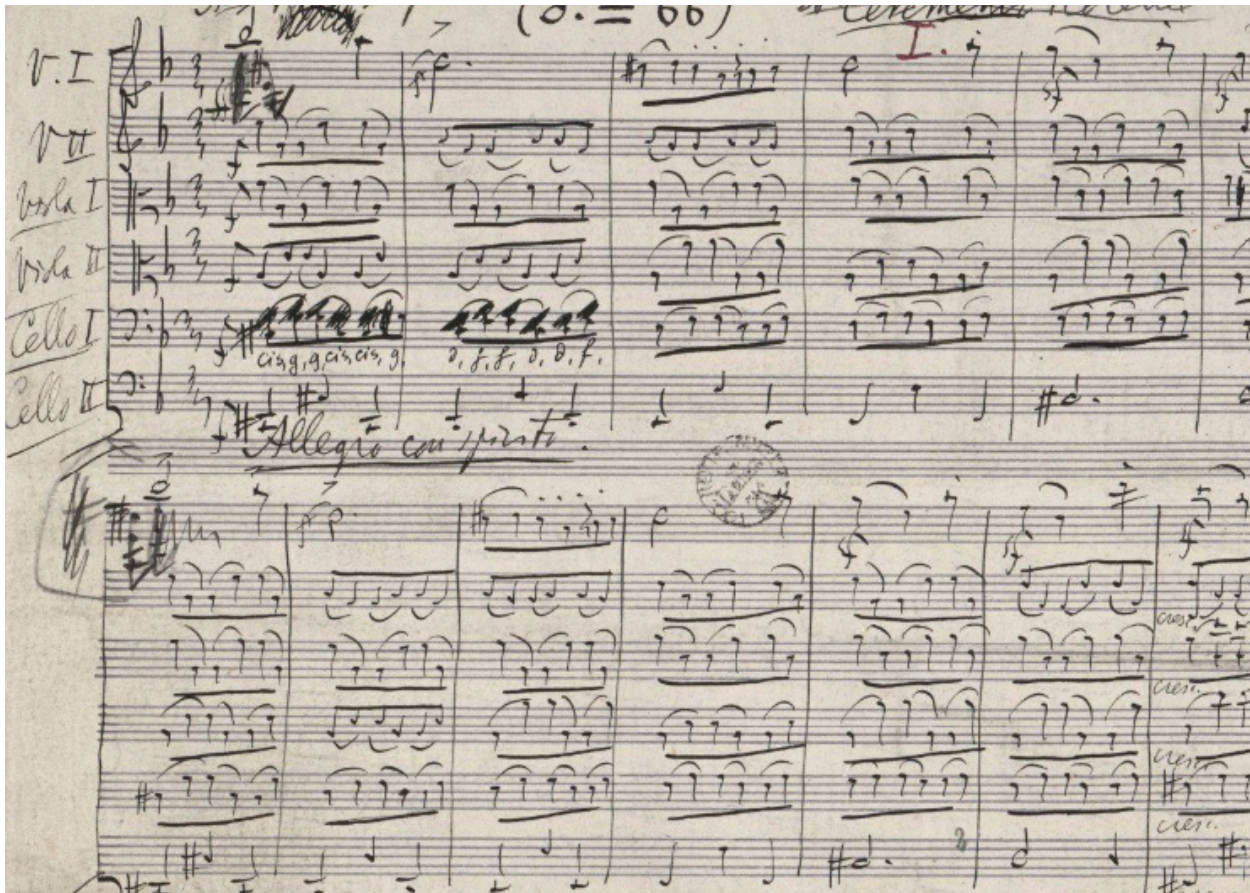
Classical Pieces

Week 1 - Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairy

Week 2 - Swan Lake

Week 3 - The Sleeping Beauty

Week 4 - Romeo and Juliet



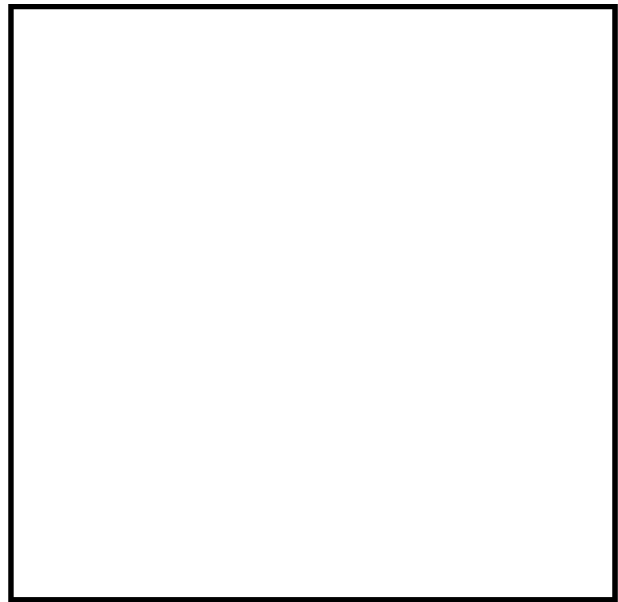
Composer Study

Name: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____

Composer Fun Facts:



Instruments Used: _____

Famous Compositions: _____

Further Study:

Hymn: Amazing Grace

"Amazing Grace" is one of the most enduring and popular hymns worldwide. It was written in 1772 by a man named John Newton, a former slave trader who experienced a profound transformation. Early in his life, John Newton was involved in the transatlantic slave trade, a dark chapter in history where people were captured, sold, and enslaved. However, Newton had a spiritual awakening during a storm at sea. Fearing for his life, he cried out to God for mercy, and miraculously, the storm subsided. This event marked a turning point in Newton's life.

Over time, Newton abandoned the slave trade and devoted himself to Christianity, later becoming a minister. He went on to become a staunch abolitionist, advocating for the rights of those kept in the bondage of slavery at numerous parliamentary meetings and even before the Privy Council. The words of "Amazing Grace" reflect his gratitude for the divine mercy that changed his heart. The lyrics speak of a wretch like him being saved and someone who was lost becoming found, emphasizing the power of redemption and forgiveness through God's grace. The lyrics were set to different tunes over the years, but it became best known when it was set to the melody of the song "New Britain" in a popular hymnbook published in 1847.

In the 19th century, the hymn gained widespread recognition during the Second Great Awakening, a revival of faith that spread throughout rural America. Its message of grace and redemption inspired individuals seeking solace and a renewed sense of purpose.

Throughout the 20th and early 21st centuries, "Amazing Grace" continued to be a beloved hymn in churches and found its way into popular culture, spreading worldwide. The hymn resonated with people from various backgrounds, transcending cultural boundaries. It was performed by countless artists in various styles, and it became one of the most translated songs in the world in over 60 different languages, from Cherokee to Russian! The hymn's universal themes of repentance, grace, and transformation continue to touch the hearts and souls of today's people.

"Amazing Grace" is more than just a hymn; it is a powerful testament to the human capacity for change through Christ's salvation and the transformative nature of grace. Its enduring legacy serves as a reminder that, no matter our past, redemption and renewal are possible.

SALVATION

314 Amazing Grace! How Sweet the Sound

st. 1-5 John Newton, 1779
st. 6 anon.

NEW BRITAIN
CM

Columbian Harmony, 1829

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound that
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, and
3. Through man - y dan - gers, toils, and snares, I
4. The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His
5. The earth shall soon dis - solve like snow; the
6. When we've been there ten thou - sand years, bright

saved a wretch like me! I once was lost, but
grace my fears re - lieved; how pre - cious did that
have al - read - y come; 'tis grace has brought me
Word my hope se - cures; He will my Shield and
sun for - bear to shine; but God, who called me
shin - ing as the sun, we've no less days to

now am found, was blind, but now I see.
grace ap - pear the hour I first be - lieved!
safe thus far, and grace will lead me home.
Por - tion be as long as life en - dures.
here be - low, will be for - ev - er mine.
sing God's praise than when we'd first be - gun.

Folk Song: The Little Birch Tree

The folk song "Little Birch Tree" has a charming history that stretches back through time. This sweet melody has its roots in traditional Russian folk music, where it has been cherished for generations.

The song tells the story of a little birch tree standing in the meadow. The lyrics describe the tree's slender branches and delicate leaves swaying gently in the breeze. The narrator of the song cuts down some branches to make wooden flutes and a *balalaika*, a traditional Russian string instrument. Whenever they play their new instruments, they think of the birch tree they created them from. It paints a picture of nature's beauty and the simplicity of rural life.

One interesting aspect of "Little Birch Tree" is its connection to Russian culture. In Russia, the birch tree holds a special place in the hearts of the people. It symbolizes purity, spring, and beauty, and it is widely celebrated in their art, music, and poetry. The folk song captures the essence of these sentiments, celebrating the qualities of the birch tree and its Russian ties.

Tchaikovsky paid tribute to "Little Birch Tree" by including it in his famous *Symphony No. 4*, and you can hear the distinctive melody woven throughout. The simplicity of this folk song's tune and lyrics contribute to its enduring popularity, evoking a sense of nostalgia for the people of Russia.

The Little Birch Tree

Duration: ca. 1½ minutes

Russian Folk Song
arranged by Mary Goetze

Flowing $\text{♩} = 60$

Voices

1. See the lit - tle
2. From the lit - tle
(second time only)

Recorder or Flute

sempre legato

Piano

6

birch in the mead - ow. See the leaves a - danc - ing when the
tree take three branch - es. Make three sil - ver flutes from sil - ver

10

wind blows. Loo - li loo, when the wind blows. Loo - li
branch - es. Loo - li loo, sil - ver branch - es. Loo - li

15

loo, when the wind blows. *mf*
 loo, sil - ver branch - es. 3. From a branch I'll

20

carve a ba - la - lai - ka, With the flutes I'll play my ba - la - lai - ka.

25

Loo - li loo, ba - la - lai - ka. Loo - li loo, ba - la -

30

lai - ka.

* Use optional lower notes as needed for better intonation on the decrescendo.

** Ossia:



Poetry Recitation & Copywork

Poetry Selections

This session's featured poet is Osip Mandelstam. We've included four poetry selections for your kids and teens to read, listen to, memorize, and recite. They are:

- Alone I stare into the frost's white face
- Stone: 103 The Twilight of Freedom
- From Stone
- I don't remember the word I wished to say

For copywork, we have included Zaner-Bloser style handwriting sheets for primary, elementary, and cursive, as well as college ruled for older students. The poems we have chosen are:

- Alone I stare into the frost's white face
- Stone: 103 The Twilight of Freedom

"Poetry is the plough that turns up time in such a way that the abyssal strata of time, its black earth, appear on the surface."

~ Osip Mandelstam



Osip Mandelstam

January 14, 1891 – December 27, 1938

Osip Mandelstam was a Soviet Russian poet who was known for his writings against the government and his persistence in fighting against political persecution. He was born in 1891 in Warsaw, Congress Poland, a part of the Russian Empire. Soon after, his family moved to Saint Petersburg. In 1900, Mandelstam entered a prestigious school where he began to write poetry. In 1907, his first poems were published through his school's almanac.

In 1908, Mandelstam moved to Paris to study literature and philosophy. The next year, he left Sorbonne to attend the University of Heidelberg in Germany.

In 1911, he continued his education at the University of Saint Petersburg, where he converted to Methodism due to Jews being excluded. The same year, he and several other young Russian poets formed the Poets Guild, creating something similar to a political movement during a tense time in history. In 1913, Mandelstam published his collection of poems known as *The Stone*. The collection was republished in 1916 with additional poetry.

In 1922, Mandelstam married Nadezhda Khazina, and the couple settled in Moscow. Before Nadezhda, Mandelstam had an affair with a fellow poet, Anna Akhmatova, and throughout the 1910s, he was involved with Salomea Andronikova, a St. Petersburg socialite. His involvement with other women did not stop despite being married to Nadezhda, and their marriage was often threatened, most notably by Olga Vaksel in 1924. In 1922, Mandelstam also published his second book of poems, *Tristia*, and almost completely abandoned poetry for a time. He worked to translate literature into Russian instead and later worked as a newspaper correspondent.

In 1933, Mandelstam composed and shared the poem "*Stalin Epigram*" with a few of his colleagues, bringing immediate attention to his works and values. He was arrested the following year and sentenced to exile in Cherdyn. Despite Mandelstam's betrayal, Nadezhda accompanied him into exile when he was arrested in the 1930s. She helped him hide his works and memorized pieces of them to keep his legacy and message living, risking her own arrest in many moments. These final works of Mandelstam were saved thanks to Nadezhda and were later published as the *Voronezh Notebooks*. She was one of the main reasons his poetry was able to be republished in the 1970s.

After attempting suicide in exile, Mandelstam's sentence was decreased, only banishing him from large cities.

Unfortunately, this relative stability would not remain permanent. In 1938, Mandelstam was given a government voucher for a trip to a home outside of Moscow. Upon his arrival, he was arrested and charged with counter-revolutionary activities. He was sentenced to five years in correction camps. He attempted to reach his wife while in imprisonment, asking for warmer clothes and supplies to live on, but he died before he could ever receive them.

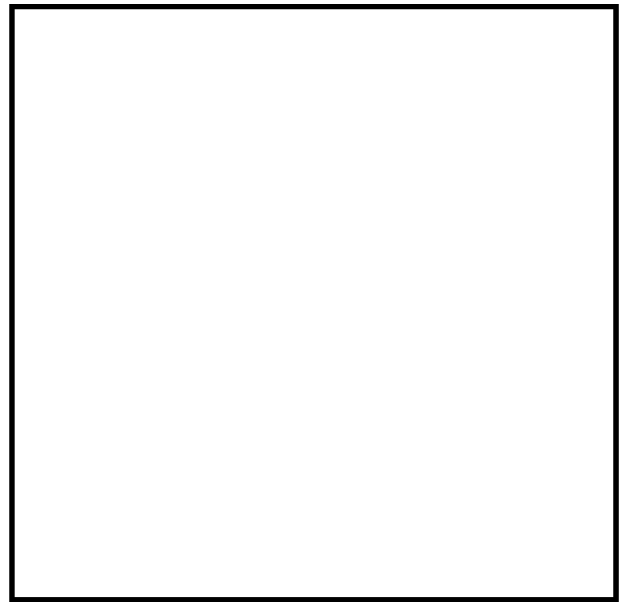
Nadezhda worked to keep Mandelstam's memory alive, writing memoirs about her life alongside the famous poet. She also published many of his manuscripts and unpublished works. His legacy is now remembered today through his works and his admirable actions against corruption within the political sphere of that time in history.

Poet Study

Poet: _____

Date of Birth: _____

Place of Birth: _____



3 Facts About the Poet:

Best Known Poems by the Poet:

Poetry Selections

Alone I stare into the frost's white face

Alone I stare into the frost's white face.
It's going nowhere, and I—from nowhere.
Everything ironed flat, pleated without a wrinkle:
Miraculous, the breathing plain.
Meanwhile the sun squints at this starched poverty—
The squint itself consoled, at ease . . .
The ten-fold forest almost the same . . .
And snow crunches in the eyes, innocent, like clean
bread.

Stone: 103 The Twilight of Freedom

Let us praise the twilight of freedom, brothers,
the great year of twilight!
A thick forest of nets has been let down
into the seething waters of night.
O sun, judge, people, desolate
are the years into which you are rising!

Let us praise the momentous burden
that the people's leader assumes, in tears.
Let us praise the twilight burden of power,
its weight too great to be borne.
Time, whoever has a heart
will hear your ship going down.

We have roped swallows together
into legions.
Now we can't see the sun.
Everywhere nature twitters as it moves.
In the deepening twilight the earth swims into the nets
and the sun can't be seen.

But what can we lose if we try one
groaning, wide, ungainly sweep of the rudder?
The earth swims. Courage,
brothers, as the cleft sea falls back from our plow.
Even as we freeze in Lethe we'll remember
the ten heavens the earth cost us.

Poetry Selections

From Stone

Against pale blue enamel, the shade
That makes every April the same,
The birch tree's branches swayed
And evening shyly came

The pattern, precise and complete,
Made a network of thinly etched lines
Like the ones on a porcelain plate
With its carefully drawn design,

When the dear artist draws until
The firm glaze holds what he wrought
For that moment aware of his skill
And sad death forgot.

I don't remember the word I wished to say

I don't remember the word I wished to say.
The blind swallow returns to the hall of shadow,
on shorn wings, with the translucent ones to play.
The song of night is sung without memory, though.

No birds. No blossoms on the dried flowers.
The manes of night's horses are translucent.
An empty boat drifts on the naked river.
Lost among grasshoppers the word's quiescent.

It swells slowly like a shrine, or a canvas sheet,
hurling itself down, mad, like Antigone,
or falls, now, a dead swallow at our feet.
with a twig of greenness, and a Stygian sympathy.

O, to bring back the diffidence of the intuitive caress,
and the full delight of recognition.
I am so fearful of the sobs of The Muses,
the mist, the bell-sounds, perdition.

Mortal creatures can love and recognise: sound may
pour out, for them, through their fingers, and overflow:
I don't remember the word I wished to say,
and a fleshless thought returns to the house of shadow.

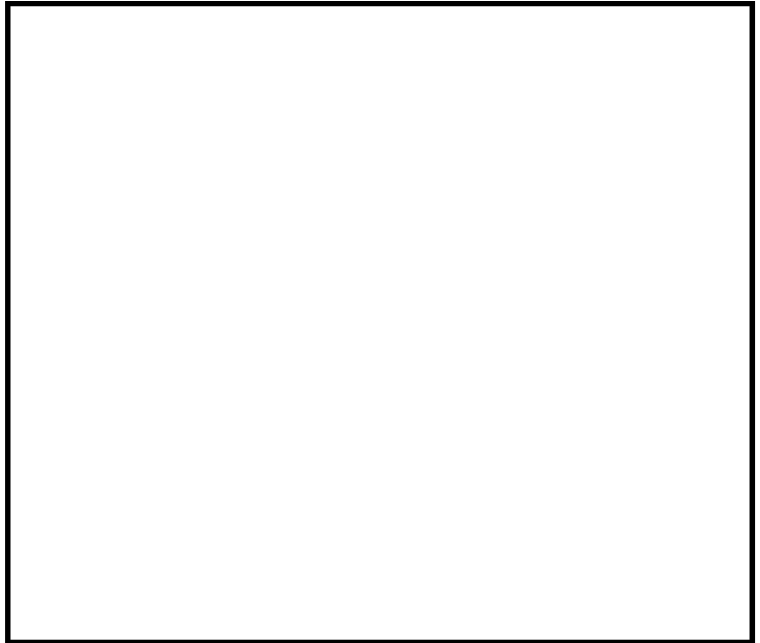
The translucent one speaks in another guise,
always the swallow, dear one, Antigone....
on the lips the burning of black ice,
and Stygian sounds in the memory.

Poetry Study

Title:

Type of Poem:

Use the box to at right to draw a picture of what the poem brings to mind.



Write one thing you liked and did not like about the poem:

Write three adjectives about the poem.

Compose a few lines of your own poem inspired by this work

Alone I stare into the

frost's white face.

It's going nowhere, and I-

from nowhere.

Everything ironed flat,

pleated without a wrinkle:

Miraculous, the breathing

plain.

Meanwhile the sun squints

at this starched poverty—

The squint itself consoled,

at ease...

The ten-fold forest almost

the same...

And snow crunches in the

eyes, innocent, like clean

bread.

Alone I stare into the frost's white face.

It's going nowhere, and I—from nowhere.

Everything ironed flat, pleated without a wrinkle:

Miraculous, the breathing plain.

Meanwhile the sun squints at this starched

poverty—

The squint itself consoled, at ease...

The ten-fold forest almost the same...

And snow crunches in the eyes, innocent,

like clean bread.

Alone I stare into the frost's

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It's going nowhere, and I-from

nowhere.

Everything ironed flat, pleated

without a wrinkle:

Miraculous, the breathing plain.

Meanwhile the sun squints at this

starved poverty

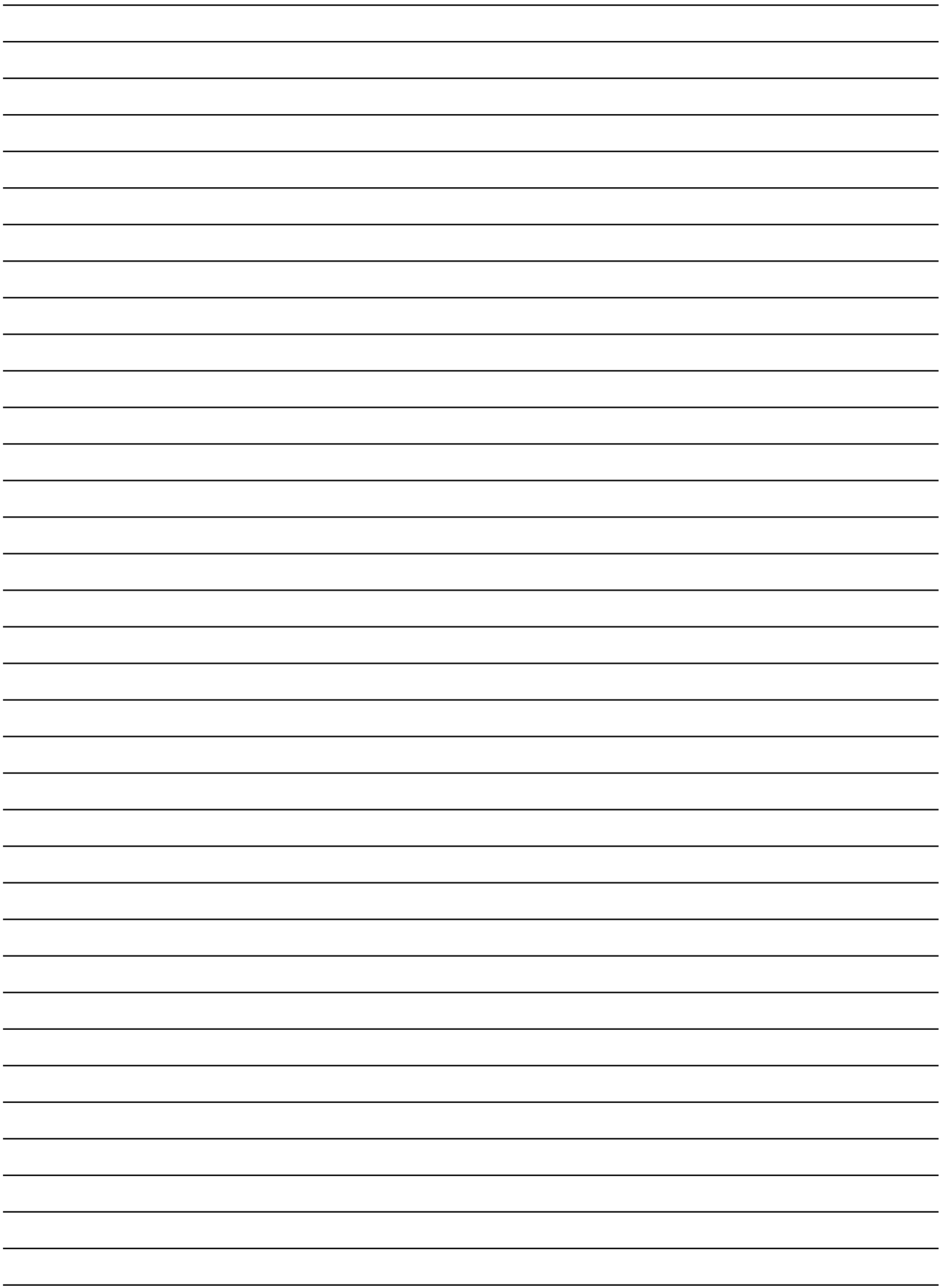
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And snow crunches in the eyes,

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Let us praise the twilight

of freedom, brothers,

the great year of twilight!

A thick forest of nets has

been let down

into the seething waters

of night.

O sun, judge, people,

desolate

are the years into which

you are rising!

Let us praise the

momentous burden

that the people's leader

assumes, in tears.

Let us praise the twilight

burden of power,

its weight too great to be

borne.

Time, whoever has a heart

will hear your ship going

down.

We have roped swallows

together

into legions.

Now we can't see the sun.

Everywhere nature twitters

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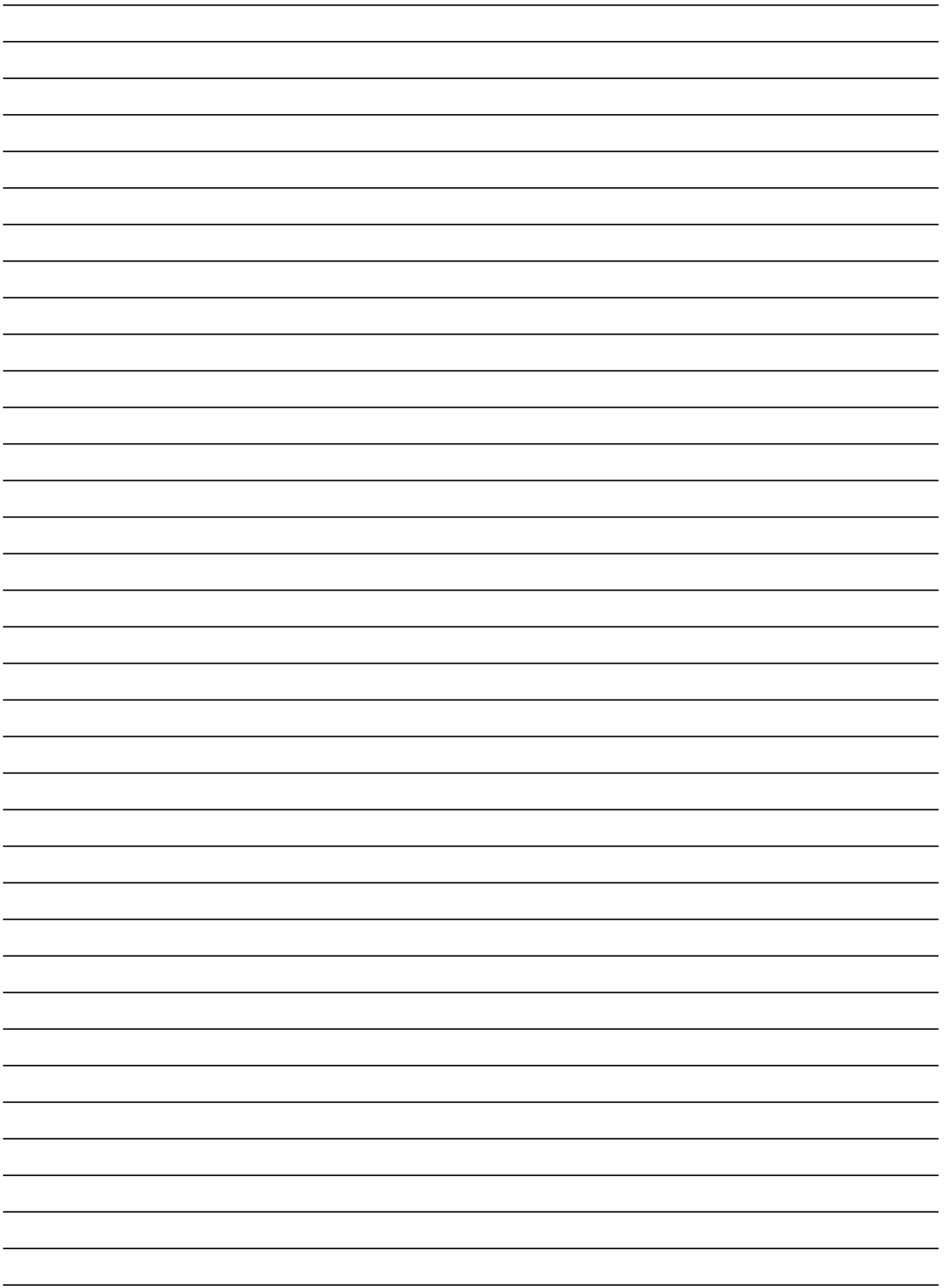
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Tea Times

In this session we are giving you four recipes for our hospitality tea: Russian Black Bread, Russian Pound Cake, Apple Cake Sharlotka, and Strawberry Cheesecake Vatrushka Buns.

We will also have four Fairy Tale teas:

Fairy Tale Tea 1: *Old Peter's Russian Stories*, "Baba Yaga," by Arthur Ransome

Fairy Tale Tea 2: *Old Peter's Russian Stories*, "Sadko," by Arthur Ransome

Fairy Tale Tea 3: *Old Peter's Russian Stories*, "The Christening in the Village," by Arthur Ransome

Fairy Tale Tea 4: *The Russian Garland*, "Ivan the Peasant's Son," by Robert Steele

"Grab a chance and you won't be sorry for a might-have-been."

~ Arthur Ransome

Tea Times

Russian Tea Cake



Ingredients

3 $\frac{3}{4}$ c flour
2 tsp baking powder
1 tsp salt
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c unsalted butter, softened
1 $\frac{1}{2}$ c sugar
5 eggs, large
2 tsp vanilla
1 T brown sugar
1 tsp cinnamon
1 T icing sugar

Directions

Preheat oven to 350°. Grease 2 9-inch loaf pans. Sift the flour with the baking powder and salt and set aside.

Cream butter with sugar until light and fluffy with an electric mixer. Add eggs one by one, then vanilla, and beat on high speed for at least 3 minutes. Gradually add the flour mixture and beat for 2 minutes longer.

Mix brown sugar and cinnamon in a small bowl. Pour $\frac{1}{4}$ of the batter into loaf pans, then sprinkle brown sugar and cinnamon, and add the remaining batter. Bake in the preheated oven for 1 hour. Cool on a wire rack. Dust with powdered sugar and serve.

Russian Black Bread

Ingredients

2 T butter
1 pinch of brown sugar
2 ¼ tsp of active dry yeast
2 T of molasses
1 ¼ c of warm (but not hot) water
2 T of apple cider vinegar
2 T of cocoa powder
½ c of wheat bran
1 ½ c of rye flour
1 ½ c all-purpose flour
2 T of ground coffee or espresso
2 tsp of salt
1 T of caraway seeds (optional)
½ tsp of fennel seeds (optional)



(Note: We don't like the taste of caraway or fennel seeds and therefore chose to exclude them from our recipe. However, you can choose to include them if you like the taste!)

Directions

Mix sugar, yeast, and warm water in a bowl until dissolved, then let stand for about 10 minutes until it becomes foamy. In a saucepan, warm the molasses and butter together until smooth. Add apple cider vinegar and let mixture cook for a few minutes, stirring constantly.

In a large bowl, mix rye flour, all-purpose flour, cocoa powder, coffee, salt, fennel and caraway seeds (if including), and wheat bran. Add molasses mixture and yeast to the flour mixture and combine until it forms a smooth dough. (Add 1-2 T of flour if necessary to make the dough sticky but firm.) Knead on a lightly floured surface for 5-10 minutes until the dough is springy but firm.

Form the dough into a ball and set in a greased bowl. Cover with a slightly damp towel and allow it to rise for two hours.

Preheat the oven to 425° F and add dough to a greased 9-inch loaf pan. Sprinkle with flour, then cut an "X" across the top of the dough, about an inch deep. Bake at 425° for 20 minutes, then reduce heat to 350° and bake an additional 20 minutes. Allow it to cool for 10 minutes on a wire rack.

Strawberry Cheesecake Vatrushka Buns



Ingredients

For the Dough

1 c warm milk
1 T active dried yeast
½ T sugar
⅓ c vegetable oil
1 egg
½ tsp salt
3 c + 2 T bread flour

For the Filling

4 oz cream cheese
2 T sugar
½ c strawberry jam

For the Topping

2 T flour
1 T butter
1 T sugar
1 egg for brushing

Directions

For the Dough

In a small bowl, combine the warm milk, yeast, and sugar and let sit for 5 minutes. Then add an egg and vegetable oil and mix with a fork.

In a large standing mixer, combine the bread flour and salt. Add the liquid ingredients and mix using the dough hook attachment on low for 1 minute, then turn up the speed and continue mixing for 10 minutes until you have a very soft and pliable dough. (Alternatively, you can mix and knead the dough by hand for about 15 minutes.) Take the dough out of the bowl and brush the same bowl with a bit of vegetable oil, then put the dough back in and flip it over so the oily side is on top. Cover with a tea towel and let it sit for 1 hour in a warm place until the dough is double in size.

When the dough is ready, take it out of the bowl. Divide the dough into two equal parts, then divide each part into six equal pieces so that you have 12 in total. Take a dough piece and start tucking sides of it under itself until you have a rough ball, then roll it in a circular motion on a lightly floured surface until you have a tighter ball. Place the dough ball on a baking pan lined with parchment paper. Repeat with the rest of the dough. Make sure your dough pieces are at least 3 inches apart, using two pans if necessary. (The space between them will shrink after they have risen and flattened.) Cover with a clean tea towel and let them rise for 20-30 minutes depending on the temperature of your house. The dough balls won't double in size but will expand.

For the Filling and Streusel Topping

Meanwhile, in a small bowl, combine the cream cheese with sugar and set aside until needed.

In another small bowl, combine the firm (but not fridge-cold) butter, flour, and sugar with a fork. The streusel should have a sandy texture with a few clumps.

Using either the bottom of a jar or your fingers, press firmly in the center of each bun to create a well deep and wide enough to hold 2 T of the filling. Fill each bun with 1 T of the sweetened cream cheese. Then make an indentation in the middle of the cream cheese filling with the back of a spoon and drop a spoonful of jam on top of it.

Brush the sides of each bun with a beaten egg, then sprinkle with the streusel topping. Bake in the preheated oven at 350° for 20 minutes or until the buns are golden.

Apple Cake "Sharlotka"

Ingredients

4 apples
4 eggs
1 c sugar
1 c flour
2 tsp vanilla

Preheat your oven to 350°. Peel, core, and slice your apples. Arrange them on the bottom of a buttered and floured 9" spring form pan.



Whip eggs, sugar, and vanilla for 10 minutes until tripled in size. Add sifted flour to the egg mixture in 4 additions, blending each addition gently. Pour the batter into the pan and smooth the top.

Bake in the preheated oven for 50-60 minutes or until a cake tester comes out clean. Let cool for 20-30 minutes and then remove the sides of a springform pan.

Old Peter's Russian Tales

by Arthur Ransome

Baba Yaga

"Tell us about Baba Yaga," begged Maroosia.

"Yes," said Vanya, "please, grandfather, and about the little hut on hen's legs."

"Baba Yaga is a witch," said old Peter; "a terrible old woman she is, but sometimes kind enough. You know it was she who told Prince Ivan how to win one of the daughters of the Tzar of the Sea, and that was the best daughter of the bunch, Vasilissa the Very Wise. But then Baba Yaga is usually bad, as in the case of Vasilissa the Very Beautiful, who was only saved from her iron teeth by the cleverness of her Magic Doll."

"Tell us the story of the Magic Doll," begged Maroosia.

"I will some day," said old Peter.

"And has Baba Yaga really got iron teeth?" asked Vanya.

"Iron, like the poker and tongs," said old Peter.

"What for?" said Maroosia.

"To eat up little Russian children," said old Peter, "when she can get them. She usually only eats bad ones, because the good ones get away. She is bony all over, and her eyes flash, and she drives about in a mortar, beating it with a pestle, and sweeping up her tracks with a besom, so that you cannot tell which way she has gone."

"And her hut?" said Vanya. He had often heard about it before, but he wanted to hear about it again. "She lives in a little hut which stands on hen's legs. Sometimes it faces the forest, sometimes it faces the path, and sometimes it walks solemnly about. But in some of the stories she lives in another kind of hut, with a railing of tall sticks, and a skull on each stick. And all night long fire glows in the skulls and fades as the dawn rises."

"Now tell us one of the Baba Yaga stories," said Maroosia.

"Please," said Vanya.

"I will tell you how one little girl got away from her, and then, if ever she catches you, you will know exactly what to do."

And old Peter put down his pipe and began:—

Baba Yaga and the Girl With the Kind Heart

Once upon a time there was a widowed old man who lived alone in a hut with his little daughter. Very merry they were together, and they used to smile at each other over a table just piled with bread and jam. Everything went well, until the old man took it into his head to marry again.

Yes, the old man became foolish in the years of his old age, and he took another wife. And so the poor little girl had a stepmother. And after that everything changed. There was no more bread and jam on the table, and no more playing bo-peep, first this side of the samovar and then that, as she sat with her father at tea. It was worse than that, for she never did sit at tea. The stepmother said that everything that went wrong was the little girl's fault. And the old man believed his new wife, and so there were no more kind words for his little daughter. Day after day the stepmother used to say that the little girl was too naughty to sit at table. And then she would throw her a crust and tell her to get out of the hut and go and eat it somewhere else.

And the poor little girl used to go away by herself into the shed in the yard, and wet the dry crust with her tears, and eat it all alone. Ah me! she often wept for the old days, and she often wept at the thought of the days that were to come.

Mostly she wept because she was all alone, until one day she found a little friend in the shed. She was hunched up in a corner of the shed, eating her crust and crying bitterly, when she heard a little noise. It was like this: scratch—scratch. It was just that, a little gray mouse who lived in a hole.

Out he came, his little pointed nose and his long whiskers, his little round ears and his bright eyes. Out came his little humpy body and his long tail. And then he sat up on his hind legs, and curled his tail twice round himself and looked at the little girl.

The little girl, who had a kind heart, forgot all her sorrows, and took a scrap of her crust and threw it to the little mouse. The mouseykin nibbled and nibbled, and there, it was gone, and he was looking for another. She gave him another bit, and presently that was gone, and another and another, until there was no crust left for the little girl. Well, she didn't mind that. You see, she was so happy seeing the little mouse nibbling and nibbling.

When the crust was done the mouseykin looks up at her with his little bright eyes, and "Thank you," he says, in a little squeaky voice. "Thank you," he says; "you are a kind little girl, and I am only a mouse, and I've eaten all your crust. But there is one thing I can do for you, and that is to tell you to take care. The old woman in the hut (and that was the cruel stepmother) is own sister to Baba Yaga, the bony-legged, the witch. So if ever she sends you on a message to your aunt, you come and tell me. For Baba Yaga would eat you soon enough with her iron teeth if you did not know what to do."

"Oh, thank you," said the little girl; and just then she heard the stepmother calling to her to come in and clean up the tea things, and tidy the house, and brush out the floor, and clean everybody's boots.

So off she had to go.

When she went in she had a good look at her stepmother, and sure enough she had a long nose, and she was as bony as a fish with all the flesh picked off, and the little girl thought of Baba Yaga and shivered, though she did not feel so bad when she remembered the mouseykin out there in the shed in the yard.

The very next morning it happened. The old man went off to pay a visit to some friends of his in the next village, just as I go off sometimes to see old Fedor, God be with him. And as soon as the old man was out of sight the wicked stepmother called the little girl.

"You are to go to-day to your dear little aunt in the forest," says she, "and ask her for a needle and thread to mend a shirt."

"But here is a needle and thread," says the little girl.

"Hold your tongue," says the stepmother, and she gnashes her teeth, and they make a noise like clattering tongs. "Hold your tongue," she says. "Didn't I tell you you are to go to-day to your dear little aunt to ask for a needle and thread to mend a shirt?"

"How shall I find her?" says the little girl, nearly ready to cry, for she knew that her aunt was Baba Yaga, the bony-legged, the witch.

The stepmother took hold of the little girl's nose and pinched it.

"That is your nose," she says. "Can you feel it?"

"Yes," says the poor little girl.

"You must go along the road into the forest till you come to a fallen tree; then you must turn to your left, and then follow your nose and you will find her," says the stepmother. "Now, be off with you, lazy one. Here is some food for you to eat by the way." She gave the little girl a bundle wrapped up in a towel.

The little girl wanted to go into the shed to tell the mouseykin she was going to Baba Yaga, and to ask what she should do. But she looked back, and there was the stepmother at the door watching her. So she had to go straight on.

She walked along the road through the forest till she came to the fallen tree. Then she turned to the left. Her nose was still hurting where the stepmother had pinched it, so she knew she had to go straight ahead. She was just setting out when she heard a little noise under the fallen tree. "Scratch—scratch."

And out jumped the little mouse, and sat up in the road in front of her.

"O mouseykin, mouseykin," says the little girl, "my stepmother has sent me to her sister. And that is Baba Yaga, the bony-legged, the witch, and I do not know what to do."

"It will not be difficult," says the little mouse, "because of your kind heart. Take all the things you find in the road, and do with them what you like. Then you will escape from Baba Yaga, and everything will be well."

"Are you hungry, mouseykin?" said the little girl.

"I could nibble, I think," says the little mouse.

The little girl unfastened the towel, and there was nothing in it but stones. That was what the stepmother had given the little girl to eat by the way.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," says the little girl. "There's nothing for you to eat."

"Isn't there?" said mouseykin, and as she looked at them the little girl saw the stones turn to bread and jam. The little girl sat down on the fallen tree, and the little mouse sat beside her, and they ate bread and jam until they were not hungry any more.

"Keep the towel," says the little mouse; "I think it will be useful. And remember what I said about the things you find on the way. And now good-bye," says he.

"Good-bye," says the little girl, and runs along.

As she was running along she found a nice new handkerchief lying in the road. She picked it up and took it with her. Then she found a little bottle of oil. She picked it up and took it with her. Then she found some scraps of meat.

"Perhaps I'd better take them too," she said; and she took them.

Then she found a gay blue ribbon, and she took that. Then she found a little loaf of good bread, and she took that too.

"I daresay somebody will like it," she said.

And then she came to the hut of Baba Yaga, the bony-legged, the witch. There was a high fence round it with big gates. When she pushed them open they squeaked miserably, as if it hurt them to move. The little girl was sorry for them.

"How lucky," she says, "that I picked up the bottle of oil!" and she poured the oil into the hinges of the gates.

Inside the railing was Baba Yaga's hut, and it stood on hen's legs and walked about the yard. And in the yard there was standing Baba Yaga's servant, and she was crying bitterly because of the tasks Baba Yaga set her to do. She was crying bitterly and wiping her eyes on her petticoat.

"How lucky," says the little girl, "that I picked up a handkerchief!" And she gave the handkerchief to Baba Yaga's servant, who wiped her eyes on it and smiled through her tears.

Close by the hut was a huge dog, very thin, gnawing a dry crust.

"How lucky," says the little girl, "that I picked up a loaf!" And she gave the loaf to the dog, and he gobbled it up and licked his lips.

The little girl went bravely up to the hut and knocked on the door.

"Come in," says Baba Yaga.

The little girl went in, and there was Baba Yaga, the bony-legged, the witch, sitting weaving at a loom. In a corner of the hut was a thin black cat watching a mouse-hole.

"Good-day to you, auntie," says the little girl, trying not to tremble.

"Good-day to you, niece," says Baba Yaga.

"My stepmother has sent me to you to ask for a needle and thread to mend a shirt."

"Very well," says Baba Yaga, smiling, and showing her iron teeth. "You sit down here at the loom, and go on with my weaving, while I go and get you the needle and thread."

The little girl sat down at the loom and began to weave.

Baba Yaga went out and called to her servant, "Go, make the bath hot and scrub my niece. Scrub her clean. I'll make a dainty meal of her."

The servant came in for the jug. The little girl begged her, "Be not too quick in making the fire, and carry the water in a sieve." The servant smiled, but said nothing, because she was afraid of Baba Yaga. But she took a very long time about getting the bath ready.

Baba Yaga came to the window and asked,—

"Are you weaving, little niece? Are you weaving, my pretty?"

"I am weaving, auntie," says the little girl.

When Baba Yaga went away from the window, the little girl spoke to the thin black cat who was watching the mouse-hole.

"What are you doing, thin black cat?"

"Watching for a mouse," says the thin black cat. "I haven't had any dinner for three days."

"How lucky," says the little girl, "that I picked up the scraps of meat!" And she gave them to the thin black cat. The thin black cat gobbled them up, and said to the little girl,—

"Little girl, do you want to get out of this?"

"Catkin dear," says the little girl, "I do want to get out of this, for Baba Yaga is going to eat me with her iron teeth."

"Well," says the cat, "I will help you."

Just then Baba Yaga came to the window.

"Are you weaving, little niece?" she asked. "Are you weaving, my pretty?"

"I am weaving, auntie," says the little girl, working away, while the loom went clickety clack, clickety clack.

Baba Yaga went away.

Says the thin black cat to the little girl: "You have a comb in your hair, and you have a towel. Take them and run for it while Baba Yaga is in the bath-house. When Baba Yaga chases after you, you must listen; and when she is close to you, throw away the towel, and it will turn into a big, wide river. It will take her a little time to get over that. But when she does, you must listen; and as soon as she is close to you throw away the comb, and it will sprout up into such a forest that she will never get through it at all."

"But she'll hear the loom stop," says the little girl.

"I'll see to that," says the thin black cat.

The cat took the little girl's place at the loom.

Clickety clack, clickety clack; the loom never stopped for a moment.

The little girl looked to see that Baba Yaga was in the bath-house, and then she jumped down from the little hut on hen's legs, and ran to the gates as fast as her legs could flicker.

The big dog leapt up to tear her to pieces. Just as he was going to spring on her he saw who she was.

"Why, this is the little girl who gave me the loaf," says he. "A good journey to you, little girl;" and he lay down again with his head between his paws.

When she came to the gates they opened quietly, quietly, without making any noise at all, because of the oil she had poured into their hinges.

Outside the gates there was a little birch tree that beat her in the eyes so that she could not go by.

"How lucky," says the little girl, "that I picked up the ribbon!" And she tied up the birch tree with the pretty blue ribbon. And the birch tree was so pleased with the ribbon that it stood still, admiring itself, and let the little girl go by.

How she did run!

Meanwhile the thin black cat sat at the loom. Clickety clack, clickety clack, sang the loom; but you never saw such a tangle as the tangle made by the thin black cat.

And presently Baba Yaga came to the window.

"Are you weaving, little niece?" she asked. "Are you weaving, my pretty?"

"I am weaving, auntie," says the thin black cat, tangling and tangling, while the loom went clickety clack, clickety clack.

"That's not the voice of my little dinner," says Baba Yaga, and she jumped into the hut, gnashing her iron teeth; and there was no little girl, but only the thin black cat, sitting at the loom, tangling and tangling the threads.

"Grr," says Baba Yaga, and jumps for the cat, and begins banging it about. "Why didn't you tear the little girl's eyes out?"

"In all the years I have served you," says the cat, "you have only given me one little bone; but the kind little girl gave me scraps of meat."

Baba Yaga threw the cat into a corner, and went out into the yard.

"Why didn't you squeak when she opened you?" she asked the gates.

"Why didn't you tear her to pieces?" she asked the dog.

"Why didn't you beat her in the face, and not let her go by?" she asked the birch tree.

"Why were you so long in getting the bath ready? If you had been quicker, she never would have got away," said Baba Yaga to the servant.

And she rushed about the yard, beating them all, and scolding at the top of her voice.

"Ah!" said the gates, "in all the years we have served you, you never even eased us with water; but the kind little girl poured good oil into our hinges."

"Ah!" said the dog, "in all the years I've served you, you never threw me anything but burnt crusts; but the kind little girl gave me a good loaf."

"Ah!" said the little birch tree, "in all the years I've served you, you never tied me up, even with thread; but the kind little girl tied me up with a gay blue ribbon."

"Ah!" said the servant, "in all the years I've served you, you have never given me even a rag; but the kind little girl gave me a pretty handkerchief."

Baba Yaga gnashed at them with her iron teeth. Then she jumped into the mortar and sat down. She drove it along with the pestle, and swept up her tracks with a besom, and flew off in pursuit of the little girl.

The little girl ran and ran. She put her ear to the ground and listened. Bang, bang, bangety bang! she could hear Baba Yaga beating the mortar with the pestle. Baba Yaga was quite close. There she was, beating with the pestle and sweeping with the besom, coming along the road.

As quickly as she could, the little girl took out the towel and threw it on the ground. And the towel grew bigger and bigger, and wetter and wetter, and there was a deep, broad river between Baba Yaga and the little girl.

The little girl turned and ran on. How she ran!

Baba Yaga came flying up in the mortar. But the mortar could not float in the river with Baba Yaga inside. She drove it in, but only got wet for her trouble. Tongs and pokers tumbling down a chimney are nothing to the noise she made as she gnashed her iron teeth. She turned home, and went flying back to the little hut on hen's legs. Then she got together all her cattle and drove them to the river. "Drink, drink!" she screamed at them; and the cattle drank up all the river to the last drop. And Baba Yaga, sitting in the mortar, drove it with the pestle, and swept up her tracks with the besom, and flew over the dry bed of the river and on in pursuit of the little girl.

The little girl put her ear to the ground and listened. Bang, bang, bangety bang! She could hear Baba Yaga beating the mortar with the pestle. Nearer and nearer came the noise, and there was Baba Yaga, beating with the pestle and sweeping with the besom, coming along the road close behind.

The little girl threw down the comb, and grew bigger and bigger, and its teeth sprouted up into a thick forest, thicker than this forest where we live—so thick that not even Baba Yaga could force her way through. And Baba Yaga, gnashing her teeth and screaming with rage and disappointment, turned round and drove away home to her little hut on hen's legs.

The little girl ran on home. She was afraid to go in and see her stepmother, so she ran into the shed. Scratch, scratch! Out came the little mouse.

"So you got away all right, my dear," says the little mouse. "Now run in. Don't be afraid. Your father is back, and you must tell him all about it."

The little girl went into the house.

"Where have you been?" says her father; "and why are you so out of breath?"

The stepmother turned yellow when she saw her, and her eyes glowed, and her teeth ground together until they broke.

But the little girl was not afraid, and she went to her father and climbed on his knee, and told him everything just as it had happened.

And when the old man knew that the stepmother had sent his little daughter to be eaten by Baba Yaga, he was so angry that he drove her out of the hut, and ever afterwards lived alone with the little girl. Much better it was for both of them.

"And the little mouse?" said Ivan.

"The little mouse," said old Peter, "came and lived in the hut, and every day it used to sit up on the table and eat crumbs, and warm its paws on the little girl's glass of tea."

"Tell us a story about a cat, please, grandfather," said Vanya, who was sitting with Vladimir curled up in his arms.

"The story of a very happy cat," said Maroosia; and then, scratching Bayan's nose, she added, "and afterwards a story about a dog."

"I'll tell you the story of a very unhappy cat who became very happy," said old Peter. "I'll tell you the story of the Cat who became Head-forester."

Old Peter's Russian Tales

by Arthur Ransome

Sadko

In Novgorod in the old days there was a young man—just a boy he was—the son of a rich merchant who had lost all his money and died. So Sadko was very poor. He had not a kopeck in the world, except what the people gave him when he played his dulcimer for their dancing. He had blue eyes and curling hair, and he was strong, and would have been merry; but it is dull work playing for other folk to dance, and Sadko dared not dance with any young girl, for he had no money to marry on, and he did not want to be chased away as a beggar. And the young women of Novgorod, they never looked at the handsome Sadko. No; they smiled with their bright eyes at the young men who danced with them, and if they ever spoke to Sadko, it was just to tell him sharply to keep the music going or to play faster.

So Sadko lived alone with his dulcimer, and made do with half a loaf when he could not get a whole, and with crust when he had no crumb. He did not mind so very much what came to him, so long as he could play his dulcimer and walk along the banks of the littleiver Volkhov that flows by Novgorod, or on the shores of the lake, making music for himself, and seeing the pale mists rise over the water, and dawn or sunset across the shining river.

"There is no girl in all Novgorod as pretty as my little river," he used to say, and night after night he would sit by the banks of the river or on the shores of the lake, playing the dulcimer and singing to himself.

Sometimes he helped the fishermen on the lake, and they would give him a little fish for his supper in payment for his strong young arms.

And it happened that one evening the fishermen asked him to watch their nets for them on the shore, while they went off to take their fish to sell them in the square at Novgorod.

The Volkhov would be a big river if it were in England, and Sadko and old Peter called it little only because they loved it.

Sadko sat on the shore, on a rock, and played his dulcimer and sang. Very sweetly he sang of the fair lake and the lovely river—the little river that he thought prettier than all the girls of Novgorod. And while he was singing he saw a whirlpool in the lake, little waves flying from it across the water, and in the middle a hollow down into the water. And in the hollow he saw the head of a great man with blue hair and a gold crown. He knew that the huge man was the Tzar of the Sea. And the man came nearer, walking up out of the depths of the lake—a huge, great man, a very giant, with blue hair falling to his waist over his broad shoulders. The little waves ran from him in all directions as he came striding up out of the water.

Sadko did not know whether to run or stay; but the Tzar of the Sea called out to him in a great voice like wind and water in a storm,—

"Sadko of Novgorod, you have played and sung many days by the side of this lake and on the banks of the little river Volkhov. My daughters love your music, and it has pleased me too. Throw out a net into the water, and draw it in, and the waters will pay you for your singing. And if you are satisfied with the payment, you must come and play to us down in the green palace of the sea."

With that the Tzar of the Sea went down again into the waters of the lake. The waves closed over him with a roar, and presently the lake was as smooth and calm as it had ever been.

Sadko thought, and said to himself: "Well, there is no harm done in casting out a net." So he threw a net out into the lake.

He sat down again and played on his dulcimer and sang, and when he had finished his singing the dusk had fallen and the moon shone over the lake. He put down his dulcimer and took hold of the ropes of the net, and began to draw it up out of the silver water. Easily the ropes came, and the net, dripping and glittering in the moonlight.

"I was dreaming," said Sadko; "I was asleep when I saw the Tzar of the Sea, and there is nothing in the net at all."

And then, just as the last of the net was coming ashore, he saw something in it, square and dark. He dragged it out, and found it was a coffer. He opened the coffer, and it was full of precious stones—green, red, gold—gleaming in the light of the moon. Diamonds shone there like little bundles of sharp knives.

"There can be no harm in taking these stones," says Sadko, "whether I dreamed or not."

He took the coffer on his shoulder, and bent under the weight of it, strong though he was. He put it in a safe place. All night he sat and watched by the nets, and played and sang, and planned what he would do.

In the morning the fishermen came, laughing and merry after their night in Novgorod, and they gave him a little fish for watching their nets; and he made a fire on the shore, and cooked it and ate it as he used to do.

"And that is my last meal as a poor man," says Sadko. "Ah me! who knows if I shall be happier?"

Then he set the coffer on his shoulder and tramped away for Novgorod.

"Who is that?" they asked at the gates.

"Only Sadko the dulcimer player," he replied.

"Turned porter?" said they.

"One trade is as good as another," said Sadko, and he walked into the city. He sold a few of the stones, two at a time, and with what he got for them he set up a booth in the market. Small things led to great, and he was soon one of the richest traders in Novgorod.

And now there was not a girl in the town who could look too sweetly at Sadko. "He has golden hair," says one. "Blue eyes like the sea," says another. "He could lift the world on his shoulders," says a third. A little money, you see, opens everybody's eyes.

But Sadko was not changed by his good fortune. Still he walked and played by the little river Volkhov. When work was done and the traders gone, Sadko would take his dulcimer and play and sing on the banks of the river. And still he said, "There is no girl in all Novgorod as pretty as my little river." Every time he came back from his long voyages—for he was trading far and near, like the greatest of merchants—he went at once to the banks of the river to see how his sweetheart fared. And always he brought some little present for her and threw it into the waves. For twelve years he lived unmarried in Novgorod, and every year made voyages, buying and selling, and always growing richer and richer. Many were the mothers in Novgorod who would have liked to see him married to their daughters. Many were the pillows that were wet with the tears of the young girls, as they thought of the blue eyes of Sadko and his golden hair.

And then, in the twelfth year since he walked into Novgorod with the coffer on his shoulder, he was sailing in a ship on the Caspian Sea, far, far away. For many days the ship sailed on, and Sadko sat on deck and played his dulcimer and sang of Novgorod and of the little river Volkhov that flows under the walls of the town. Blue was the Caspian Sea, and the waves were like furrows in a field, long lines of white under the steady wind, while the sails swelled and the ship shot over the water.

And suddenly the ship stopped.

In the middle of the sea, far from land, the ship stopped and trembled in the waves, as if she were held by a big hand.

"We are aground!" cry the sailors; and the captain, the great one, tells them to take soundings. Seventy fathoms by the bow it was, and seventy fathoms by the stern.

"We are not aground," says the captain, "unless there is a rock sticking up like a needle in the middle of the Caspian Sea!"

"There is magic in this," say the sailors.

"Hoist more sail," says the captain; and up go the white sails, swelling out in the wind, while the masts bend and creak. But still the ship lay shivering and did not move, out there in the middle of the sea.

"Hoist more sail yet," says the captain; and up go the white sails, swelling and tugging, while the masts creak and groan. But still the ship lay there shivering and did not move.

"There is an unlucky one aboard," says an old sailor. "We must draw lots and find him, and throw him overboard into the sea."

The other sailors agreed to this. And still Sadko sat, and played his dulcimer and sang.

The sailors cut pieces of string, all of a length, as many as there were souls in the ship, and one of those strings they cut in half. Then they made them into a bundle, and each man plucked one string. And Sadko stopped his playing for a moment to pluck a string, and his was the string that had been cut in half.

"Magician, sorcerer, unclean one!" shouted the sailors.

"Not so," said Sadko. "I remember now an old promise I made, and I keep it willingly."

He took his dulcimer in his hand, and leapt from the ship into the blue Caspian Sea. The waves had scarcely closed over his head before the ship shot forward again, and flew over the waves like a swan's feather, and came in the end safely to her harbour.

"And what happened to Sadko?" asked Maroosia.

"You shall hear, little pigeon," said old Peter, and he took a pinch of snuff. Then he went on. Sadko dropped into the waves, and the waves closed over him. Down he sank, like a pebble thrown into a pool, down and down. First the water was blue, then green, and strange fish with goggle eyes and golden fins swam round him as he sank. He came at last to the bottom of the sea.

And there, on the bottom of the sea, was a palace built of green wood. Yes, all the timbers of all the ships that have been wrecked in all the seas of the world are in that palace, and they are all green, and cunningly fitted together, so that the palace is worth a ten days' journey only to see it. And in front of the palace Sadko saw two big kobbly sturgeons, each a hundred and fifty feet long, lashing their tails and guarding the gates. Now, sturgeons are the oldest of all fish, and these were the oldest of all sturgeons.

Sadko walked between the sturgeons and through the gates of the palace. Inside there was a great hall, and the Tzar of the Sea lay resting in the hall, with his gold crown on his head and his blue hair floating round him in the water, and his great body covered with scales lying along the hall. The Tzar of the Sea filled the hall—and there is room in that hall for a village. And there were fish swimming this way and that in and out of the windows.

"Ah, Sadko," says the Tzar of the Sea, "you took what the sea gave you, but you have been a long time in coming to sing in the palaces of the sea. Twelve years I have lain here waiting for you."

"Great Tzar, forgive," says Sadko.

"Sing now," says the Tzar of the Sea, and his voice was like the beating of waves.

And Sadko played on his dulcimer and sang.

He sang of Novgorod and of the little river Volkhov which he loved. It was in his song that none of the girls of Novgorod were as pretty as the little river. And there was the sound of wind over the lake in his song, the sound of ripples under the prow of a boat, the sound of ripples on the shore, the sound of the river flowing past the tall reeds, the whispering sound of the river at night. And all the time he played cunningly on the dulcimer. The girls of Novgorod had never danced to so sweet a tune when in the old days Sadko played his dulcimer to earn kopecks and crusts of bread.

Never had the Tzar of the Sea heard such music.

"I would dance," said the Tzar of the Sea, and he stood up like a tall tree in the hall.

"Play on," said the Tzar of the Sea, and he strode through the gates. The sturgeons guarding the gates stirred the water with their tails.

And if the Tzar of the Sea was huge in the hall, he was huger still when he stood outside on the bottom of the sea. He grew taller and taller, towering like a mountain. His feet were like small hills. His blue hair hung down to his waist, and he was covered with green scales. And he began to dance on the bottom of the sea.

Great was that dancing. The sea boiled, and ships went down. The waves rolled as big as houses. The sea overflowed its shores, and whole towns were under water as the Tzar danced mightily on the bottom of the sea. Hither and thither rushed the waves, and the very earth shook at the dancing of that tremendous Tzar.

He danced till he was tired, and then he came back to the palace of green wood, and passed the sturgeons, and shrank into himself and came through the gates into the hall, where Sadko still played on his dulcimer and sang.

"You have played well and given me pleasure," says the Tzar of the Sea. "I have thirty daughters, and you shall choose one and marry her, and be a Prince of the Sea."

"Better than all maidens I love my little river," says Sadko; and the Tzar of the Sea laughed and threw his head back, with his blue hair floating all over the hall.

And then there came in the thirty daughters of the Tzar of the Sea. Beautiful they were, lovely, and graceful; but twenty-nine of them passed by, and Sadko fingered his dulcimer and thought of his little river.

There came in the thirtieth, and Sadko cried out aloud. "Here is the only maiden in the world as pretty as my little river!" says he. And she looked at him with eyes that shone like stars reflected in the river. Her hair was dark, like the river at night. She laughed, and her voice was like the flowing of the river.

"And what is the name of your little river?" says the Tzar.

"It is the little river Volkhov that flows by Novgorod," says Sadko; "but your daughter is as fair as the little river, and I would gladly marry her if she will have me."

"It is a strange thing," says the Tzar, "but Volkhov is the name of my youngest daughter."

He put Sadko's hand in the hand of his youngest daughter, and they kissed each other. And as they kissed, Sadko saw a necklace round her neck, and knew it for one he had thrown into the river as a present for his sweetheart.

She smiled, and "Come!" says she, and took him away to a palace of her own, and showed him a coffer; and in that coffer were bracelets and rings and earrings—all the gifts that he had thrown into the river.

And Sadko laughed for joy, and kissed the youngest daughter of the Tzar of the Sea, and she kissed him back.

"O my little river!" says he; "there is no girl in all the world but thou as pretty as my little river."

Well, they were married, and the Tzar of the Sea laughed at the wedding feast till the palace shook and the fish swam off in all directions.

And after the feast Sadko and his bride went off together to her palace. And before they slept she kissed him very tenderly, and she said,—

"O Sadko, you will not forget me? You will play to me sometimes, and sing?"

"I shall never lose sight of you, my pretty one," says he; "and as for music, I will sing and play all the day long."

"That's as may be," says she, and they fell asleep.

And in the middle of the night Sadko happened to turn in bed, and he touched the Princess with his left foot, and she was cold, cold, cold as ice in January. And with that touch of cold he woke, and he was lying under the walls of Novgorod, with his dulcimer in his hand, and one of his feet was in the little river Volkhov, and the moon was shining.

"O grandfather! And what happened to him after that?" asked Maroosia.

"There are many tales," said old Peter. "Some say he went into the town, and lived on alone until he died. But I think with those who say that he took his dulcimer and swam out into the middle of the river, and sank under water again, looking for his little Princess. They say he found her, and lives still in the green palaces of the bottom of the sea; and when there is a big storm, you may know that Sadko is playing on his dulcimer and singing, and that the Tzar of the Sea is dancing his tremendous dance down there, on the bottom, under the waves."

"Yes, I expect that's what happened," said Ivan. "He'd have found it very dull in Novgorod, even though it is a big town."

Old Peter's Russian Tales

by Arthur Ransome

The Christening in the Village

This chapter is not one of old Peter's stories, though there are, doubtless, some stories in it. It tells how Vanya and Maroosia drove to the village to see a new baby.

Old Peter had a sister who lived in the village not so very far away from the forest. And she had a plump daughter, and the daughter was called Nastasia, and she was married to a handsome peasant called Sergie, who had three cows, a lot of pigs, and a flock of fat geese. And one day when old Peter had gone to the village to buy tobacco and sugar and sunflower seeds, he came back in the evening, and said to the children,—

"There's something new in the village."

"What sort of a something?" asked Vanya.

"Alive," said old Peter.

"Is there a lot of it?" asked Vanya.

"No, only one."

"Then it can't be pigs," said Vanya, in a melancholy voice. "I thought it was pigs."

"Perhaps it is a little calf," said Maroosia.

"I know what it is," said Vanya.

"Well?"

"It's a foal. It's brown all over with white on its nose, and a lot of white hairs in its tail."

"No."

"What is it then, grandfather?"

"I'll tell you, little pigeons. It's small and red, and it's got a bumpy head with hair on it like the fluff of a duckling. It has blue eyes, and ten fingers to its fore paws, and ten toes to its hind feet—five to each."

"It's a baby," said Maroosia.

"Yes. Nastasia has got a little son, Aunt Sofia has got a grandson, you have got a new cousin, and I have got a new great-nephew. Think of that! Already it's a son, and a cousin, and a grandson, and a great-nephew, and he's only been alive twelve hours. He lost no time in taking a position for himself. He'll be a great man one of these days if he goes on as fast as that."

The children had jumped up as soon as they knew it was a baby.

"When is the christening?"

"The day after to-morrow."

"O grandfather!"

"Well?"

"Who is going to the christening?"

"The baby, of course."

"Yes; but other people?"

"All the village."

"And us?"

"I have to go, and I suppose there'll be room in the cart for two little bear cubs like you."

And so it was settled that Vanya and Maroosia were to go to the christening of their new cousin, who was only twelve hours old. All the next day they could think of nothing else, and early on the morning of the christening they were up and about, Maroosia seeing that Vanya had on a clean shirt, and herself putting a green ribbon in her hair. The sun shone, and the leaves on the trees were all new and bright, and the sky was pale blue through the flickering green leaves.

Old Peter was up early too, harnessing the little yellow horse into the old cart. The cart was of rough wood, without springs, like a big box fixed on long larch poles between two pairs of wheels. The larch pole did instead of springs, bending and creaking, as the cart moved over the forest track. The shafts came from the front wheels upwards to the horse's shoulders, and between the ends of them there was a tall strong hoop of wood, called a douga, which rose high over the shoulders of the horse, above his collar, and had two little bells hanging from it at the top. The wooden hoop was painted green with little red flowers. The harness was mostly of ropes, but that did not matter so long as it held together. The horse had a long tail and mane, and looked as untidy as a little boy; but he had a green ribbon in his forelock in honour of the christening, and he could go like anything, and never got tired.

When all was ready, old Peter arranged a lot of soft fresh hay in the cart for the children to sit in. Hay is the best thing in the world to sit in when you drive in a jolting Russian cart.

Old Peter put in a tremendous lot, so that the horse could eat some of it while waiting in the village, and yet leave them enough to make them comfortable on the journey back. Finally, old Peter took a gun that he had spent all the evening before in cleaning, and laid it carefully in the hay.

"What is the gun for?" asked Vanya.

"I am to be a godparent," said old Peter, "and I want to give him a present. I could not give him a better present than a gun, for he shall be a forester, and a good shot, and you cannot begin too early."

Presently Vanya and Maroosia were tucked into the hay, and old Peter climbed in with the plaited reins, and away they went along the narrow forest track, where the wheels followed the ruts and splashed through the deep holes; for the spring was young, and the roads had not yet dried. Some of the deepest holes had a few pine branches laid in them, but that was the only road-mending that ever was done. Overhead were the tall firs and silver birches with their little pale round leaves; and somewhere, not far away, a cuckoo was calling, while the murmur of the wild pigeons never stopped for a moment.

They drove on and on through the forest, and at last came out from among the trees into the open country, a broad, flat plain stretching to the river. Far away they could see the big square sail of a boat, swelled out in the light wind, and they knew that there was the river, on the banks of which stood the village. They could see a small clump of trees, and, as they came nearer, the pale green cupolas of the white village church rising above the tops of the birches.

Presently they came to a rough wooden bridge, and crossed over a little stream that was on its way to join the big river.

Vanya looked at it.

"Grandfather," he asked, "when the frost went, which was water first—the big river or the little river?" "Why, the little river, of course," said old Peter. "It's always the little streams that wake first in the spring, and running down to the big river make it swell and flood and break up the ice. It's always been so ever since the quarrel between the Vazouza and the Volga."

"What was that?" said Vanya.

"It was like this," said old Peter.

The Vazouza and the Volga flow for a long way side by side, and then they join and flow together. And the Vazouza is a little river; but the Volga is the mother of all Russia, and the greatest river in the world.

And the little Vazouza was jealous of the Volga.

"You are big and noisy," she says to the Volga, "and terribly strong; but as for brains," says she, "why, I have more brains in a single ripple than you in all that lump of water."

Of course the Volga told her not to be so rude, and said that little rivers should know their place and not argue with the great.

But the Vazouza would not keep quiet, and at last she said to the Volga: "Look here, we will lie down and sleep, and we will agree that the one of us who wakes first and comes first to the sea is the wiser of the two."

And the Volga said, "Very well, if only you will stop talking."

So the little Vazouza and the big Volga lay and slept, white and still, all through the winter. And when the spring came, the little Vazouza woke first, brisk and laughing and hurrying, and rushed away as hard as she could go towards the sea. When the Volga woke the little Vazouza was already far ahead. But the Volga did not hurry. She woke slowly and shook the ice from herself, and then came roaring after the Vazouza, a huge foaming flood of angry water.

And the little Vazouza listened as she ran, and she heard the Volga coming after her; and when the Volga caught her up—a tremendous foaming river, whirling along trees and blocks of ice—she was frightened, and she said,—

"O Volga, let me be your little sister. I will never argue with you any more. You are wiser than I and stronger than I. Only take me by the hand and bring me with you to the sea."

And the Volga forgave the little Vazouza, and took her by the hand and brought her safely to the sea. And they have never quarrelled again. But all the same, it is always the little Vazouza that gets up first in the spring, and tugs at the white blankets of ice and snow, and wakes her big sister from her winter sleep.

They drove on over the flat open country, with no hedges, but only ditches to drain off the floods, and very often not even ditches to divide one field from another. And huge crows, with gray hoods and shawls, pecked about in the grass at the roadside or flew heavily in the sunshine. They passed a little girl with a flock of geese, and another little girl lying in the grass holding a long rope which was fastened to the horns of a brown cow. And the little girl lay on her face and slept among the flowers, while the cow walked slowly round her, step by step, chewing the grass and thinking about nothing at all.

And at last they came to the village, where the road was wider; and instead of one pair of ruts there were dozens, and the cart bumped worse than ever. The broad earthy road had no stones in it; and in places where the puddles would have been deeper than the axles of the wheels, it had been mended by laying down fir logs and small branches in the puddles, and putting a few spadefuls of earth on the top of them.

The road ran right through the village. On either side of it were little wooden huts. The ends of the timbers crossed outside at the four corners of the huts. They fitted neatly into each other, and some of them were carved. And there were no slates or tiles on the roofs, but little thin slips of wood overlapping each other. There was not a single stone hut or cottage in the village. Only the church was partly brick, whitewashed, with bright green cupolas up in the air, and thin gold crosses on the tops of the cupolas, shining in the clear sky.

Outside the church were rows of short posts, with long rough fir timbers nailed on the top of them, to which the country people tied their horses when they came to church. There were several carts there already, with bright-coloured rugs lying on the hay in them; and the horses were eating hay or biting the logs. Always, except when the logs are quite new, you can tell the favourite places for tying up horses to them, because the timbers will have deep holes in them, where they have been gnawed away by the horses' teeth. They bite the timbers, while their masters eat sunflower seeds, not for food, but to pass the time.

"Now then," said old Peter, as he got down from the cart, tied the horse, gave him an armful of hay from the cart, and lifted the children out. "Be quick. We shall be late if we don't take care. I believe we are late already.—Good health to you, Fedor," he said to an old peasant; "and has the baby gone in?"

"He has, Peter. And my health is not so bad; and how is yours?"

"Good also, Fedor, thanks be to God. And will you see to these two? for I am a god-parent, and must be near the priest."

"Willingly," said the old peasant Fedor. "How they do grow, to be sure, like young birch trees. Come along then, little pigeons."

Old Peter hurried into the church, followed by Fedor with Vanya and Maroosia. They all crossed themselves and said a prayer as they went in.

The ceremony was just beginning.

The priest, in his silk robes, was standing before the gold and painted screen at the end of the church, and there were the basin of holy water, and old Peter's sister, and the nurse Babka Tanya, very proud, holding the baby in a roll of white linen, and rocking it to and fro. There were coloured pictures of saints all over the screen, which stretches from one side of the church to the other. Some of the pictures were framed in gilt frames under glass, and were partly painted and partly metal. The faces and hands of the saints were painted, and their clothes were glittering silver or gold. Little lamps were burning in front of them, and candles.

A Russian christening is very different from an English one. For one thing, the baby goes right into the water, not once, but three times. Babka Tanya unrolled the baby, and the priest covered its face with his hand, and down it went under the water, once, twice, and again. Then he took some of the sacred ointment on his finger and anointed the baby's forehead, and feet, and hands, and little round stomach. Then, with a pair of scissors, he cut a little pinch of fluff from the baby's head, and rolled it into a pellet with the ointment, and threw the pellet into the holy water. And after that the baby was carried solemnly three times round the holy water. The priest blessed it and prayed for it; and there it was, a little true Russian, ready to be carried back to its mother, Nastasia, who lay at home in her cottage waiting for it.

When they got outside the church, they all went to Nastasia's cottage to congratulate her on her baby, and to tell her what good lungs it had, and what a handsome face, and how it was exactly like its father.

Nastasia smiled at Vanya and Maroosia; but they had no eyes except for the baby, and for all that belonged to it, especially its cradle. Now a Russian baby has a very much finer cradle than an English baby. A long fir pole is fastened in the middle and at one end to the beams in the ceiling of the hut, so that the other end swings free, just below the rafters. From this end is hung a big basket, and on the ropes by which the basket hangs are fastened shawls of bright colours. The baby is tucked in the basket, the shawls closed round it; and as the mother or the nurse sits at her spinning, she just kicks the basket gently now and again, and it swings up and down from the end of the pole, as if it were hung from the branch of a tree.

This baby had a fine new basket and a larch pole, newly fixed, white and shining, under the dark beams of the ceiling. It had presents besides old Peter's gun. It had a fine wooden spoon with a picture on it of a cottage and a fish. It had a wooden bowl and a painted mug, bought from one of the peddling barges that go up and down the rivers selling chairs and crockery, just like the caravans that travel our English roads. And also, although it was so young, it had a little sacred picture, made of metal, a picture of St. Nikolai; because this was St. Nikolai's day, and the baby was called Nikolai.

There was a samovar already steaming in the cottage, and a great cake of pastry, and cabbage and egg and fish. And there were cabbage soup with sour cream, and black bread and a little white bread, and red kisel jelly and a huge jug of milk.

And everybody ate and drank and talked as if they were never going to stop. The sun was warm, and presently the men went outside and sat on a log, leaning their backs against the wall of the hut and making cigarettes and smoking, or eating sunflower seeds, cracking the husks with their teeth, taking out the white kernels, and blowing the husks away. And the women sat in the hut, and now and then brought out glasses of hot tea to the men, and then went back again to talk of what a fine man the baby would be, and to remember other babies. And the old women looked at the young mothers and laughed, and said that they could remember the days when they were christened—when they were babies themselves, no bigger than the little Nikolai who swung in the basket and squalled, or slept proudly, just as if he knew that all the world belonged to him because he was so very young. And Vanya and Maroosia ate sunflower seeds too, and sometimes played outside the cottage and sometimes inside; but mostly stood very quiet close to the swinging cradle, waiting till old Babka Tanya, the nurse, should pull the shawls a little way aside and let them see the pink, crumpled face of the little Nikolai, and the yellow fluff, just like a duckling's, which covered his bumpy pink head.

At last, towards evening, old Peter packed what was left of the hay into the cart, and packed Vanya and Maroosia in with the hay. Everybody said good-byes all round, and Peter climbed in and took up the rope reins.

"He'll be a fine man," he shouted through the door to Nastasia, "a fine man; and God grant he'll be as healthy as he is good.—Till we meet again," he cried out merrily to the villagers; and Vanya and Maroosia waved their hands, and off they drove, back again to the hut in the forest.

They were very much quieter on the way back than they had been when they drove to the village in the morning. And the early summer day was quiet as it came to its end.

There was a corncrake rattling in the fields, and more than once they saw frogs hop out of the road as they drove by in the twilight. A hare ran before them through the dusk and disappeared. And when they came to the wooden bridge over the stream, a tall gray bird with a long beak rose up from the bank and flew slowly away, carrying his long legs, like a thin pair of crutches, straight out behind him.

"Who is that?" asked Vanya sleepily from his nest in the hay.

"That is Mr. Crane," said old Peter. "Perhaps he is on his way to visit Miss Heron and tell her that this time he has really made up his mind, and to ask her to let bygones be bygones."

"What bygones?" said Vanya.

Old Peter watched the crane's slow, steady flight above the low marshy ground on either side of the stream, and then he said,—

"Why, surely you know all about that. It is an old story, little one, and I must have told it you a dozen times."

"No, never, grandfather," said Maroosia. She was nearly as sleepy as Vanya after the day in the village, and the fuss and pleasure of the christening.

"Oh, well," said old Peter; and he told the tale of Mr. Crane and Miss Heron as the cart bumped slowly along the rough road, while Vanya and Maroosia looked out with sleepy eyes from their nest of hay and listened, and the sky turned green, and the trees grew dim, and the frogs croaked in the ditches.

Mr. Crane and Miss Heron lived in a marsh five miles across from end to end. They lived there, and fed on the frogs which they caught in their long bills, and held up in the air for a moment, and then swallowed, standing on one leg. The marsh was always damp, and there were always plenty of frogs, and life went well for them, except that they saw very little company. They had no one to pass the time of day with. For Mr. Crane had built his little hut on one side of the marsh, and Miss Heron had built hers on the other.

So it came into the head of Mr. Crane that it was dull work living alone. If only I were married, he thought, there would be two of us to drink our tea beside the samovar at night, and I should not spend my evenings in melancholy, thinking only of frogs. I will go to see Miss Heron, and I will offer to marry her.

So off he flew to the other side of the marsh, flap, flap, with his legs hanging out behind, just as we saw him to-night. He came to the other side of the marsh, and flew down to the hut of Miss Heron. He tapped on the door with his long beak.

"Is Miss Heron at home?"

"At home," said Miss Heron.

"Will you marry me?" said Mr. Crane.

"Of course I won't," said Miss Heron; "your legs are long and ill-shaped, and your coat is short, and you fly awkwardly, and you are not even rich. You would have no dainties to feed me with. Off with you, long-bodied one, and don't come bothering me."

She shut the door in his face.

Mr. Crane looked the fool he thought himself, and went off home, wishing he had never made the journey.

But as soon as he was gone, Miss Heron, sitting alone in her hut, began to think things over and to be sorry she had spoken in such a hurry.

"After all," thinks she, "it is poor work living alone. And Mr. Crane, in spite of what I said about his looks, is really a handsome enough young fellow. Indeed at evening, when he stands on one leg, he is very handsome indeed. Yes, I will go and marry him."

So off flew Miss Heron, flap, flap, over five miles of marsh, and came to the hut of Mr. Crane. "Is the master at home?"

"At home," said Mr. Crane.

"Ah, Mr. Crane," said Miss Heron, "I was chaffing you just now. When shall we be married?"

"No, Miss Heron," said Mr. Crane; "I have no need of you at all. I do not wish to marry, and I would not take you for my wife even if I did. Clear out, and let me see the last of you." He shut the door.

Miss Heron wept tears of shame, that ran from her eyes down her long bill and dropped one by one to the ground. Then she flew away home, wishing she had not come.

As soon as she was gone Mr. Crane began to think, and he said to himself, "What a fool I was to be so short with Miss Heron! It's dull living alone. Since she wants it, I will marry her." And he flew off after Miss Heron. He came to her hut, and told her,—

"Miss Heron, I have thought things over. I have decided to marry you."

"Mr. Crane," said Miss Heron, "I, too, have thought things over. I would not marry you, not for ten thousand young frogs."

Off flew Mr. Crane.

As soon as he was gone Miss Heron thought, "Why didn't I agree to marry Mr. Crane? It's dull alone. I will go at once and tell him I have changed my mind."

She flew off to betroth herself; but Mr. Crane would have none of her, and she flew back again.

And so they go on to this day—first one and then the other flying across the marsh with an offer of marriage, and flying back with shame. They have never married, and never will.

"Grandfather," whispered Maroosia, tugging at old Peter's sleeve, "Vanya is asleep."

They drove on through the forest silently, except for the creaking of the cart and the loud singing of the nightingales in the tops of the tall firs. They came at last to their hut.

"Ah!" said old Peter, as he lifted them out, first one and then the other; "it isn't only Vanya who's asleep." And he carried them in, and put them to bed without waking them.

The Russian Garland

by Robert Steele

The Story of Ivan the Peasant's Son

In a certain village there lived a poor peasant with his wife, who for three years had no children: at length the good woman had a little son, whom they named Ivan. The boy grew, but even when he was five years old, could not walk. His father and mother were very sad, and prayed that their son might be strong on his feet; but, however many their prayers, he had to sit, and could not use his feet for three-and-thirty years long.

One day the peasant went with his wife to church; and whilst they were away, a beggar man came to the window of the cottage and begged alms of Ivan the peasant's son. And Ivan said to him: "I would gladly give you something, but I cannot rise from my stool." Then said the beggar: "Stand up and give me alms! Your feet are stout and strong!" In an instant Ivan rose up from his stool, and was overjoyed at his newly acquired power: he called the man into the cottage and gave him food to eat. Then the beggar asked for a draught of beer, and Ivan instantly went and fetched it; the beggar, however, did not drink it, but bade Ivan empty the flask himself, which he did to the very bottom. Then the beggar said: "Tell me, Ivanushka, how strong do you feel?" "Very strong," replied Ivan. "Then fare you well!" said the beggar; and disappeared, leaving Ivan standing lost in amazement.

In a short time his father and mother came home, and when they saw their son healed of his weakness, they were astonished, and asked him how it had happened. Then Ivan told them all, and the old folk thought it must have been no beggar but a holy man who had cured him; and they feasted for joy and made merry.

Presently Ivan went out to make a trial of his strength; and going into the kitchen garden, he seized a pole and stuck it half its length into the ground, and turned it with such strength that the whole village turned round. Then he went back into the cottage to take leave of his parents and ask their blessing. The old folk fell to weeping bitterly when he spoke of leaving them, and entreated him to stay at least a little longer; but Ivan heeded not their tears, and said: "If you will not give me your consent, I shall go without it." So his parents gave him their blessing; and Ivan prayed, bowing himself to all four sides, and then took leave of his father and mother. Thereupon he went straight out of the yard, and followed his eyes, and wandered for ten days and ten nights until at length he came to a large kingdom. He had scarcely entered the city when a great noise and outcry arose; whereat the Tsar was so frightened that he ordered a proclamation to be made, that whoever appeased the tumult should have his daughter for wife, and half his kingdom with her.

When Ivanushka heard this he went to the Court and desired the Tsar to be informed that he was ready to appease the tumult. So the doorkeeper went straight and told the Tsar, who ordered Ivan the peasant's son to be called. And the Tsar said to him: "My friend, is what you have said to the doorkeeper true?"

"Quite true," replied Ivan; "but I ask for no other reward than that your Majesty gives me whatever is the cause of the noise." At this the Tsar laughed, and said: "Take it by all means, if it is of any use to you." So Ivan the peasant's son made his bow to the Tsar and took his leave.

Then Ivan went to the doorkeeper and demanded of him a hundred workmen, who were instantly given him; and Ivan ordered them to dig a hole in front of the palace. And when the men had thrown up the earth, they saw an iron door, with a copper ring. So Ivan lifted up this door with one hand, and beheld a steed fully caparisoned, and a suit of knightly armour. When the horse perceived Ivan, he fell on his knees before him, and said with a human voice: "Ah, thou brave youth! Ivan the peasant's son! the famous knight Lukopero placed me here; and for three-and-thirty years have I been impatiently awaiting you. Seat yourself on my back, and ride whithersoever you will: I will serve you faithfully, as I once served the brave Lukopero."

Ivan saddled his good steed, gave him a bridle of embroidered ribands, put a Tcherkess saddle on his back, and buckled ten rich silken girths around him. Then he vaulted into the saddle, struck him on the flank, and the horse chafed at the bit, and rose from the ground higher than the forest; he left hill and dale swiftly under his feet, covered large rivers with his tail, sent forth a thick steam from his ears, and flames from his nostrils.

At length Ivan the peasant's son came to an unknown country, and rode through it for thirty days and thirty nights, until at length he arrived at the Chinese Empire. There he dismounted, and turned his good steed out into the open fields, while he went into the city and bought himself a bladder, drew it over his head, and went round the Tsar's palace. Then the folks asked him whence he came, and what kind of man he was, and what were his father and mother's names. But Ivan only replied to their questions, "I don't know." So they all took him for a fool, and went and told the Chinese Tsar about him. Then the Tsar ordered Ivan to be called, and asked where he came from and what was his name; but he only answered as before, "I don't know." So the Tsar ordered him to be driven out of the Court. But it happened that there was a gardener in the crowd, who begged the Tsar to give the fool over to him that he might employ him in gardening. The Tsar consented, and the man took Ivan into the garden, and set him to weed the beds whilst he went his way.

Then Ivan lay down under a tree and fell fast asleep. In the night he awoke, and broke down all the trees in the garden. Early the next morning the gardener came and looked round, and was terrified at what he beheld: so he went to Ivan the peasant's son and fell to abusing him, and asked him who had destroyed all the trees. But Ivan only replied, "I don't know."

Ivan did not sleep the next night, but went and drew water from the well, and watered the broken trees; and early in the morning they began to rise and grow; and when the sun rose they were all covered with leaves, and were even finer than ever. When the gardener came into the garden he was amazed at the change; but he did not again ask Know-nothing any questions, as he never returned an answer. And when the Tsar's daughter awoke, she rose from her bed, and looking out into the garden, she saw it in a better state than before; then, sending for the gardener, she asked him how it had all happened in so short a time. But the man answered that he could not himself understand it, and the Tsar's daughter began to think Know-nothing was in truth wonderfully wise and clever. From that moment she loved him more than herself, and sent him food from her own table.

Now the Chinese Tsar had three daughters, who were all very beautiful: the eldest was named Duasa, the second Skao, and the youngest, who had fallen in love with Ivan the peasant's son, was named Lotao. One day the Tsar called them to him and said to them: "My dear daughters, fair Princesses, the time is come that I wish to see you married; and I have called you now to bid you choose husbands from the princes of the countries around." Then the two eldest instantly named two Tsareviches with whom they were in love; but the youngest fell to weeping, and begged her father to give her for wife to Know-nothing. At this request the Tsar was amazed, and said: "Have you lost your senses, daughter, that you wish to marry the fool Know-nothing, who cannot speak even a word?" "Fool as he may be," she answered, "I entreat you, my lord father, to let me marry him." "If nothing else will please you," said the Tsar sorrowfully, "take him—you have my consent."

Soon after, the Tsar sent for the Princes whom his eldest daughters had chosen for husbands; they obeyed the invitation instantly, and came with all speed to China, and the weddings were celebrated. The Princess Lotao also was married to Ivan the peasant's son, and her elder sisters laughed at her for choosing a fool for a husband.

Not long afterwards a great army invaded the country, and its leader, the knight Polkan, demanded of the Tsar his daughter, the beautiful Lotao, for wife, threatening that, if he did not consent, he would burn his country with fire and slay his people with the sword, throw the Tsar and Tsarina into prison, and take their daughter by force. At these threats the Tsar was aghast with terror, and instantly ordered his armies to be collected; and they went forth, commanded by the two Princes, against Polkan. Then the two armies met, and fought like two terrible thunder-clouds, and Polkan overthrew the army of the Chinese Tsar.

At this time the Princess came to her husband, Ivan the peasant's son, and said to him: "My dear friend Know-nothing, they want to take me from you; the infidel knight Polkan has invaded our country with his army and routed our hosts with his terrible sword." Then Ivan told the Princess to leave him in peace; and, jumping out of the window, he ran into the open fields, and cried aloud:

"Sivka Burka! he!
Fox of Spring! Appear!
Like a grass blade, here
Stand before me!"

The horse galloped until the earth trembled: from his ears came steam, from his nostrils flames. Ivan the peasant's son crept into his ear to change himself, and came out looking such a brave knight as no pen can write down or story tell. Then he rode up to the army of Polkan, and laid about him with his sword, trod the army down under his horse's hoofs, and drove it quite out of the kingdom. At the sight of this the Chinese Tsar came to Ivan, but knew him not, and invited him to his palace; but Ivan answered: "I am not your subject and I will not serve you." And so saying, away he rode, let his horse run loose in the open fields, went back to the palace, crept again through the window, drew the bladder over his head, and lay down to sleep.

The Tsar gave a public feast for this great victory, and it lasted several days; until the knight Polkan once more invaded the country with a fresh army, and again demanded with threats the youngest Princess for his wife. The Tsar instantly assembled his armies again, and sent them against Polkan; but the knight defeated them forthwith. Then Lotao went to her husband, and everything happened exactly as before; and Ivan again drove Polkan and his army out of the empire. Thereupon the Tsar invited him to his palace; but without heeding him, Ivan turned off his horse in the fields, went back to the palace, and lay down to sleep. So the Tsar gave another feast, in honour of the victory over Polkan; but he marvelled what hero it could be who had so bravely defended his realm.

After a while, Polkan a third time invaded the empire, and all fell out as before: Ivan jumped out of the window, ran into the fields, mounted his steed, and rode forth against the enemy. Then the horse said in a human voice: "Listen, Ivan Peasantson! we have now a hard task to perform; defend yourself as stoutly as possible, and stand firm against Polkan—otherwise you and the whole Chinese army will be destroyed." Then Ivan spurred his steed, rode against Polkan's host, and began to slay them right and left. When Polkan saw that his army was defeated, he flew into a rage, and fell upon Ivan the peasant's son like a furious lion, and a fight began between the two horses, at the sight of which the whole army stood aghast. They fought for a long time, and Polkan wounded Ivan in the left hand. Thereupon Ivan the peasant's son, in a fierce rage, aimed his javelin at Polkan, and pierced him through the heart: then he struck off his head, and drove the whole army out of China.

Ivan now went to the Chinese Tsar, who bowed to the ground, and invited him to his palace. The Princess Lotao, seeing blood upon Ivan's left hand, bound it up with her handkerchief, and invited him to remain in the palace; but, without heeding her, Ivan mounted his steed and trotted off. Then he turned his horse into the fields, and went himself to sleep.



Shakespeare Selection

For our Shakespeare selection, we have chosen "King Lear."

Read it from Charles & Mary Lamb's *Tales of Shakespeare* in the following pages. But we also recommend reading the actual play together as a family if you can.

Your older kids and teens may enjoy watching a movie adaptation (please pre-screen these first). And if you can take in a live performance, your family will never forget it!

We are including a link on our website to watch a pre-recorded stage performance of "King Lear."

Shakespeare

King Lear: Tales From Shakespeare

by Charles & Mary Lamb

Lear, king of Britain, had three daughters; Goneril, wife to the duke of Albany; Regan, wife to the duke of Cornwall; and Cordelia, a young maid, for whose love the king of France and duke of Burgundy were joint suitors, and were at this time making stay for that purpose in the court of Lear.

The old king, worn out with age and the fatigues of government, he being more than fourscore years old, determined to take no further part in state affairs, but to leave the management to younger strengths, that he might have time to prepare for death, which must at no long period ensue. With this intent he called his three daughters to him, to know from their own lips which of them loved him best, that he might part his kingdom among them in such proportions as their affection for him should seem to deserve.

Goneril, the eldest, declared that she loved her father more than words could give out, that he was dearer to her than the light of her own eyes, dearer than life and liberty, with a deal of such professing stuff, which is easy to counterfeit where there is no real love, only a few fine words delivered with confidence being wanted in that case. The king, delighted to hear from her own mouth this assurance of her love, and thinking truly that her heart went with it, in a fit of fatherly fondness bestowed upon her and her husband one-third of his ample kingdom.

Then calling to him his second daughter, he demanded what she had to say. Regan, who was made of the same hollow metal as her sister, was not a whit behind in her profession, but rather declared that what her sister had spoken came short of the love which she professed to bear for his highness; insomuch that she found all other joys dead, in comparison with the pleasure which she took in the love of her dear king and father.

Lear blessed himself in having such loving children, as he thought; and could do no less, after the handsome assurances which Regan had made, than bestow a third of his kingdom upon her and her husband, equal in size to that which he had already given away to Goneril.

Then turning to his youngest daughter Cordelia, whom he called his joy, he asked what she had to say, thinking no doubt that she would glad his ears with the same loving speeches which her sisters had uttered, or rather that her expressions would be so much stronger than theirs, as she had always been his darling, and favoured by him above either of them. But Cordelia, disgusted with the flattery of her sisters, whose hearts she knew were far from their lips, and seeing that all their coaxing speeches were only intended to wheedle the old king out of his dominions, that they and their husbands might reign in his lifetime, made no other reply but this, that she loved his majesty according to her duty, neither more nor less.

The king, shocked with this appearance of ingratitude in his favourite child, desired her to consider her words, and to mend her speech, lest it should mar her fortunes.

Cordelia then told her father, that he was her father, that he had given her breeding, and loved her; that she returned those duties back as was most fit, and did obey him, love him, and most honour him. But that she could not frame her mouth to such large speeches as her sisters had done, or promise to love nothing else in the world. Why had her sisters husbands, if (as they said) they had no love for anything but their father? If she should ever wed, she was sure the lord to whom she gave her hand would want half her love, half of her care and duty; she should never marry like her sisters, to love her father all.

Cordelia, who in earnest loved her old father even almost as extravagantly as her sisters pretended to do, would have plainly told him so at any other time, in more daughter-like and loving terms, and without these qualifications, which did indeed sound a little ungracious; but after the crafty flattering speeches of her sisters, which she had seen drawn such extravagant rewards, she thought the handsomest thing she could do was to love and be silent. This put her affection out of suspicion of mercenary ends, and showed that she loved, but not for gain; and that her professions, the less ostentatious they were, had so much the more of truth and sincerity than her sisters'.

This plainness of speech, which Lear called pride, so enraged the old monarch who in his best of times always showed much of spleen and rashness, and in whom the dotage incident to old age had so clouded over his reason, that he could not discern truth from flattery, nor a gay painted speech from words that came from the heart—that in a fury of resentment he retracted the third part of his kingdom, which yet remained, and which he had reserved for Cordelia, and gave it away from her, sharing it equally between her two sisters and their husbands, the dukes of Albany and Cornwall; whom he now called to him, and in presence of all his courtiers bestowing a coronet between them, invested them jointly with all the power, revenue, and execution of government, only retaining to himself the name of king; all the rest of royalty he resigned; with this reservation, that himself, with a hundred knights for his attendants, was to be maintained by monthly course in each of his daughters' palaces in turn.

So preposterous a disposal of his kingdom, so little guided by reason, and so much by passion, filled all his courtiers with astonishment and sorrow; but none of them had the courage to interpose between this incensed king and his wrath, except the earl of Kent, who was beginning to speak a good word for Cordelia, when the passionate Lear on pain of death commanded him to desist; but the good Kent was not so to be repelled. He had been ever loyal to Lear, whom he had honoured as a king, loved as a father, followed as a master; and he had never esteemed his life further than as a pawn to wage against his royal master's enemies, nor feared to lose it when Lear's safety was the motive; nor now that Lear was most his own enemy, did this faithful servant of the king forget his old principles, but manfully opposed Lear, to do Lear good; and was unmannerly only because Lear was mad. He had been a most faithful counsellor in times past to the king, and he besought him now, that he would see with his eyes (as he had done in many weighty matters), and go by his advice still; and in his best consideration recall this hideous rashness: for he would answer with his life, his judgment that Lear's youngest daughter did not love him least, nor were those empty-hearted whose low sound gave no token of hollowness. When power bowed to flattery, honour was bound to plainness. For Lear's threats, what could he do to him, whose life was already at his service? That should not hinder duty from speaking.

The honest freedom of this good earl of Kent only stirred up the king's wrath the more, and like a frantic patient who kills his physician, and loves his mortal disease, he banished this true servant, and allotted him but five days to make his preparations for departure; but if on the sixth his hated person was found within the realm of Britain, that moment was to be his death.

And Kent bade farewell to the king, and said, that since he chose to show himself in such fashion, it was but banishment to stay there; and before he went, he recommended Cordelia to the protection of the gods, the maid who had so rightly thought, and so discreetly spoken; and only wished that her sisters' large speeches might be answered with deeds of love; and then he went, as he said, to shape his old course to a new country.

The king of France and duke of Burgundy were now called in to hear the determination of Lear about his youngest daughter, and to know whether they would persist in their courtship to Cordelia, now that she was under her father's displeasure, and had no fortune but her own person to recommend her: and the duke of Burgundy declined the match, and would not take her to wife upon such conditions; but the king of France, understanding what the nature of the fault had been which had lost her the love of her father, that it was only a tardiness of speech, and the not being able to frame her tongue to flattery like her sisters, took this young maid by the hand, and saying that her virtues were a dowry above a kingdom, bade Cordelia to take farewell of her sisters and of her father, though he had been unkind, and she should go with him, and be queen of him and of fair France, and reign over fairer possessions than her sisters: and he called the duke of Burgundy in contempt a waterish duke, because his love for this young maid had in a moment run all away like water.

Then Cordelia with weeping eyes took leave of her sisters, and besought them to love their father well, and make good their professions: and they sullenly told her not to prescribe to them, for they knew their duty; but to strive to content her husband, who had taken her (as they tauntingly expressed it) as Fortune's alms. And Cordelia with a heavy heart departed, for she knew the cunning of her sisters, and she wished her father in better hands than she was about to leave him in.

Cordelia was no sooner gone, than the devilish dispositions of her sisters began to show themselves in their true colours. Even before the expiration of the first month, which Lear was to spend by agreement with his eldest daughter Goneril, the old king began to find out the difference between promises and performances. This wretch having got from her father all that he had to bestow, even to the giving away of the crown from off his head, began to grudge even those small remnants of royalty which the old man had reserved to himself, to please his fancy with the idea of being still a king. She could not bear to see him and his hundred knights. Every time she met her father, she put on a frowning countenance; and when the old man wanted to speak with her, she would feign sickness, or anything to get rid of the sight of him; for it was plain that she esteemed his old age a useless burden, and his attendants an unnecessary expense: not only she herself slackened in her expressions of duty to the king, but by her example, and (it is to be feared) not without her private instructions, her very servants affected to treat him with neglect, and would either refuse to obey his orders, or still more contemptuously pretend not to hear them. Lear could not but perceive this alteration in the behaviour of his daughter, but he shut his eyes against it as long as he could, as people commonly are unwilling to believe the unpleasant consequences which their own mistakes and obstinacy have brought upon them.

True love and fidelity are no more to be estranged by ill, than falsehood and hollow-heartedness can be conciliated by good, usage. This eminently appears in the instance of the good earl of Kent, who, though banished by Lear, and his life made forfeit if he were found in Britain, chose to stay and abide all consequences, as long as there was a chance of his being useful to the king his master. See to what mean shifts and disguises poor loyalty is forced to submit sometimes; yet it counts nothing base or unworthy, so as it can but do service where it owes an obligation!

In the disguise of a serving man, all his greatness and pomp laid aside, this good earl proffered his services to the king, who, not knowing him to be Kent in that disguise, but pleased with a certain plainness, or rather bluntness in his answers, which the earl put on (so different from that smooth oily flattery which he had so much reason to be sick of, having found the effects not answerable in his daughter), a bargain was quickly struck, and Lear took Kent into his service by the name of Caius, as he called himself, never suspecting him to be his once great favourite, the high and mighty earl of Kent.

This Caius quickly found means to show his fidelity and love to his royal master: for Goneril's steward that same day behaving in a disrespectful manner to Lear, and giving him saucy looks and language, as no doubt he was secretly encouraged to do by his mistress, Caius, not enduring to hear so open an affront put upon his majesty, made no more ado but presently tripped up his heels, and laid the unmannerly slave in the kennel; for which friendly service Lear became more and more attached to him.

Nor was Kent the only friend Lear had. In his degree, and as far as so insignificant a personage could show his love, the poor fool, or jester, that had been of his palace while Lear had a palace, as it was the custom of kings and great personages at that time to keep a fool (as he was called) to make them sport after serious business: this poor fool clung to Lear after he had given away his crown, and by his witty sayings would keep up his good humour, though he could not refrain sometimes from jeering at his master for his imprudence in uncrowning himself, and giving all away to his daughters; at which time, as he rhyingly expressed it, these daughters

For sudden joy did weep

And he for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep

And go the fools among.

And in such wild sayings, and scraps of songs, of which he had plenty, this pleasant honest fool poured out his heart even in the presence of Goneril herself, in many a bitter taunt and jest which cut to the quick: such as comparing the king to the hedge-sparrow, who feeds the young of the cuckoo till they grow old enough, and then has its head bit off for its pains; and saying, that an ass may know when the cart draws the horse (meaning that Lear's daughters, that ought to go behind, now ranked before their father); and that Lear was no longer Lear, but the shadow of Lear: for which free speeches he was once or twice threatened to be whipped.

The coolness and falling off of respect which Lear had begun to perceive, were not all which this foolish fond father was to suffer from his unworthy daughter: she now plainly told him that his staying in her palace was inconvenient so long as he insisted upon keeping up an establishment of a hundred knights; that this establishment was useless and expensive, and only served to kill her court with riot and feasting; and she prayed him that he would lessen their number, and keep none but old men about him, such as himself, and fitting his age.

Lear at first could not believe his eyes or ears, nor that it was his daughter who spoke so unkindly. He could not believe that she who had received a crown from him could seek to cut off his train, and grudge him the respect due to his old age.

But she persisting in her undutiful demand, the old man's rage was so excited, that he called her a detested kite, and said that she spoke an untruth; and so indeed she did, for the hundred knights were all men of choice behaviour and sobriety of manners, skilled in all particulars of duty, and not given to rioting or feasting, as she said. And he bid his horses to be prepared, for he would go to his other daughter, Regan, he and his hundred knights; and he spoke of ingratitude, and said it was a marble-hearted devil, and showed more hideous in a child than the sea-monster. And he cursed his eldest daughter Goneril so as was terrible to hear; praying that she might never have a child, or if she had, that it might live to return that scorn and contempt upon her which she had shown to him that she might feel how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless child. And Goneril's husband, the duke of Albany, beginning to excuse himself for any share which Lear might suppose he had in the unkindness, Lear would not hear him out, but in a rage ordered his horses to be saddled, and set out with his followers for the abode of Regan, his other daughter. And Lear thought to himself how small the fault of Cordelia (if it was a fault) now appeared, in comparison with her sister's, and he wept; and then he was ashamed that such a creature as Goneril should have so much power over his manhood as to make him weep.

Regan and her husband were keeping their court in great pomp and state at their palace; and Lear despatched his servant Caius with letters to his daughter, that she might be prepared for his reception, while he and his train followed after. But it seems that Goneril had been beforehand with him, sending letters also to Regan, accusing her father of waywardness and ill humours, and advising her not to receive so great a train as he was bringing with him. This messenger arrived at the same time with Caius, and Caius and he met: and who should it be but Caius's old enemy the steward, whom he had formerly tripped up by the heels for his saucy behaviour to Lear. Caius not liking the fellow's look, and suspecting what he came for, began to revile him, and challenged him to fight, which the fellow refusing, Caius, in a fit of honest passion, beat him soundly, as such a mischief-maker and carrier of wicked messages deserved; which coming to the ears of Regan and her husband, they ordered Caius to be put in the stocks, though he was a messenger from the king her father, and in that character demanded the highest respect: so that the first thing the king saw when he entered the castle, was his faithful servant Caius sitting in that disgraceful situation.

This was but a bad omen of the reception which he was to expect; but a worse followed, when, upon inquiry for his daughter and her husband, he was told they were weary with travelling all night, and could not see him; and when lastly, upon his insisting in a positive and angry manner to see them, they came to greet him, whom should he see in their company but the hated Goneril, who had come to tell her own story, and set her sister against the king her father!

This sight much moved the old man, and still more to see Regan take her by the hand; and he asked Goneril if she was not ashamed to look upon his old white beard. And Regan advised him to go home again with Goneril, and live with her peaceably, dismissing half of his attendants, and to ask her forgiveness; for he was old and wanted discretion, and must be ruled and led by persons that had more discretion than himself. And Lear showed how preposterous that would sound, if he were to go down on his knees, and beg of his own daughter for food and raiment, and he argued against such an unnatural dependence, declaring his resolution never to return with her, but to stay where he was with Regan, he and his hundred knights; for he said that she had not forgot the half of the kingdom which he had endowed her with, and that her eyes were not fierce like Goneril's, but mild and kind. And he said that rather than return to Goneril, with half his train cut off, he would go over to France, and beg a wretched pension of the king there, who had married his youngest daughter without a portion.

But he was mistaken in expecting kinder treatment of Regan than he had experienced from her sister Goneril. As if willing to outdo her sister in unequal behaviour, she declared that she thought fifty knights too many to wait upon him: that five-and-twenty were enough. Then Lear, nigh heart-broken, turned to Goneril and said that he would go back with her, for her fifty doubled five-and-twenty, and so her love was twice as much as Regan's. But Goneril excused herself, and said, what need of so many as five-and-twenty? or even ten? or five? when he might be waited upon by her servants, or her sister's servants? So these two wicked daughters, as if they strove to exceed each other in cruelty to their old father, who had been so good to them, by little and little would have abated him of all his train, all respect (little enough for him that once commanded a kingdom), which was left him to show that he had once been a king! Not that a splendid train is essential to happiness, but from a king to a beggar is a hard change, from commanding millions to be without one attendant; and it was the ingratitude in his daughters' denying it, more than what he would suffer by the want of it, which pierced this poor king to the heart; insomuch, that with this double ill-usage, a vexation for having so foolishly given away a kingdom, his wits began to be unsettled, and while he said e knew not what, he vowed revenge against those unnatural hags, and to make examples of them that should be a terror to the earth!

While he was thus idly threatening what his weak arm could never execute, night came on, and a loud storm of thunder and lightning with rain; and his daughters still persisting in their resolution not to admit his followers, he called for his horses, and chose rather to encounter the utmost fury of the storm abroad, than stay under the same roof with these ungrateful daughters: and they, saying that the injuries which wilful men procure to themselves are their just punishment, suffered him to go in that condition and shut their doors upon him.

The wind were high, and the rain and storm increased, when the old man sallied forth to combat with the elements, less sharp than his daughters' unkindness. For many miles about there was scarce a bush; and there upon a heath, exposed to the fury of the storm in a dark night, did king Lear wander out, and defy the winds and the thunder; and he bid the winds to blow the earth into the sea, or swell the waves of the sea till they drowned the earth, that no token might remain of any such ungrateful animal as man. The old king was now left with no other companion than the poor fool, who still abided with him, with his merry conceits striving to outjest misfortune, saying it was but a naughty night to swim in, and truly the king had better go in and ask his daughter's blessing:

But he that has a little tiny wit
With heigh ho, the wind and the rain!
Must make content with his fortunes fit
Though the rain it raineth every day:

and swearing it was a brave night to cool a lady's pride.

Thus poorly accompanied, this once great monarch was found by his ever-faithful servant the good earl of Kent, now transformed to Caius, who ever followed close at his side, though the king did not know him to be the earl; and he said: 'Alas! sir, are you here? creatures that love night, love not such nights as these. This dreadful storm has driven the beasts to their hiding places. Man's nature cannot endure the affliction or the fear.' And Lear rebuked him and said, these lesser evils were not felt, where a greater malady was taxed. When the mind is at ease, the body has leisure to be delicate, but the temper in his mind did take all feeling else from his senses, but of that which beat at his heart. And he spoke of filial ingratitude, and said it was all one as if the mouth should tear the hand for lifting food to it; for parents were hands and food and everything to children.

But the good Caius still persisting in his entreaties that the king would not stay out in the open air, at last persuaded him to enter a little wretched hovel which stood upon the heath, where the fool first entering, suddenly ran back terrified, saying that he had seen a spirit. But upon examination this spirit proved to be nothing more than a poor Bedlam beggar, who had crept into this deserted hovel for shelter, and with his talk about devils frightened the fool, one of those poor lunatics who are either mad, or feign to be so, the better to extort charity from the compassionate country people, who go about the country, calling themselves poor Tom and poor Turlygood, saying: 'Who gives anything to poor Tom?' sticking pins and nails and sprigs of rosemary into their arms to make them bleed; and with such horrible actions, partly by prayers, and partly with lunatic curses, they move or terrify the ignorant countryfolks into giving them alms. This poor fellow was such a one; and the king seeing him in so wretched a plight, with nothing but a blanket about his loins to cover his nakedness, could not be persuaded but that the fellow was some father who had given all away to his daughters, and brought himself to that pass: for nothing he thought could bring a man to such wretchedness but the having unkind daughters.

And from this and many such wild speeches which he uttered, the good Caius plainly perceived that he was not in his perfect mind, but that his daughters' ill usage had really made him go mad. And now the loyalty of this worthy earl of Kent showed itself in more essential services than he had hitherto found opportunity to perform. For with the assistance of some of the king's attendants who remained loyal, he had the person of his royal master removed at daybreak to the castle of Dover, where his own friends and influence, as earl of Kent, chiefly lay; and himself embarking for France, hastened to the court of Cordelia, and did there in such moving terms represent the pitiful condition of her royal father, and set out in such lively colours the inhumanity of her sisters, that this good and loving child with many tears besought the king her husband that he would give her leave to embark for England, with a sufficient power to subdue these cruel daughters and their husbands, and restore the old king her father to his throne; which being granted, she set forth, and with a royal army landed at Dover.

Lear having by some chance escaped from the guardians which the good earl of Kent had put over him to take care of him in his lunacy, was found by some of Cordelia's train, wandering about the fields near Dover, in a pitiable condition, stark mad, and singing aloud to himself with a crown upon his head which he had made of straw, and nettles, and other wild weeds that he had picked up in the corn-fields. By the advice of the physicians, Cordelia, though earnestly desirous of seeing her father, was prevailed upon to put off the meeting, till by sleep and the operation of herbs which they gave him, he should be restored to greater composure. By the aid of these skilful physicians, to whom Cordelia promised all her gold and jewels for the recovery of the old king, Lear was soon in a condition to see his daughter.

A tender sight it was to see the meeting between this father and daughter; to see the struggles between the joy of this poor old king at beholding again his once darling child, and the shame at receiving such filial kindness from her whom he had cast off for so small a fault in his displeasure; both these passions struggling with the remains of his malady, which in his half-crazed brain sometimes made him that he scarce remembered where he was, or who it was that so kindly kissed him and spoke to him; and then he would beg the standers-by not to laugh at him, if he were mistaken in thinking this lady to be his daughter Cordelia! And then to see him fall on his knees to beg pardon of his child; and she, good lady, kneeling all the while to ask a blessing of him, and telling him that it did not become him to kneel, but it was her duty, for she was his child, his true and very child Cordelia! and she kissed him (as she said) to kiss away all her sisters' unkindness, and said

that they might be ashamed of themselves, to turn their old kind father with his white beard out into the cold air, when her enemy's dog, though it had bit her (as she prettily expressed it), should have stayed by her fire such a night as that, and warmed himself. And she told her father how she had come from France with purpose to bring him assistance; and he said that she must forget and forgive, for he was old and foolish, and did not know what he did, but that to be sure she had great cause not to love him, but her sisters had none. And Cordelia said that she had no cause, no more than they had.

So we will leave this old king in the protection of his dutiful and loving child, where, by the help of sleep and medicine, she and her physicians at length succeeded in winding up the untuned and jarring senses which the cruelty of his other daughters had so violently shaken. Let us return to say a word or two about those cruel daughters.

These monsters of ingratitude, who had been so false to their old father, could not be expected to prove more faithful to their own husbands. They soon grew tired of paying even the appearance of duty and affection, and in an open way showed they had fixed their loves upon another. It happened that the object of their guilty loves was the same. It was Edmund, a natural son of the late earl of Gloucester, who by his treacheries had succeeded in disinheriting his brother Edgar, the lawful heir, from his earldom, and by his wicked practices was now earl himself; a wicked man, and a fit object for the love of such wicked creatures as Goneril and Regan. It falling out about this time that the duke of Cornwall, Regan's husband, died, Regan immediately declared her intention of wedding this earl of Gloucester, which rousing the jealousy of her sister, to whom as well as to Regan this wicked earl had at sundry times professed love, Goneril found means to make away with her sister by poison; but being detected in her practices, and imprisoned by her husband, the duke of Albany, for this deed, and for her guilty passion for the earl which had come to his ears, she, in a fit of disappointed love and rage, shortly put an end to her own life. Thus' the justice of Heaven at last overtook these wicked daughters.

While the eyes of all men were upon this event, admiring the justice displayed in their deserved deaths, the same eyes were suddenly taken off from this sight to admire at the mysterious ways of the same power in the melancholy fate of the young and virtuous daughter, the lady Cordelia, whose good deeds did seem to deserve a more fortunate conclusion: but it is an awful truth, that innocence and piety are not always successful in this world. The forces which Goneril and Regan had sent out under the command of the bad earl of Gloucester were victorious, and Cordelia, by the practices of this wicked earl, who did not like that any should stand between him and the throne, ended her life in prison. Thus, Heaven took this innocent lady to itself in her young years, after showing her to the world an illustrious example of filial duty. Lear did not long survive this kind child.

Before he died, the good earl of Kent, who had still attended his old master's steps from the first of his daughters' ill usage to this sad period of his decay, tried to make him understand that it was he who had followed him under the name of Caius; but Lear's care-crazed brain at that time could not comprehend how that could be, or how Kent and Caius could be the same person: so Kent thought it needless to trouble him with explanations at such a time; and Lear soon after expiring, this faithful servant to the king, between age and grief for his old master's vexations, soon followed him to the grave.

How the judgment of Heaven overtook the bad earl of Gloucester, whose treasons were discovered, and himself slain in single combat with his brother, the lawful earl; and how Goneril's husband, the duke of Albany, who was innocent of the death of Cordelia, and had never encouraged his lady in her wicked proceedings against her father, ascended the throne of Britain after the death of Lear, is needless here to narrate; Lear and his Three Daughters being dead, whose adventures alone concern our story.



History & Geography

For this session's History & Geography, we have included a biography of Anastasia Romanov for you and your family to study, as well as a map of the Russian Federation.

We also recommend reading [CM Geography: Book 4 - The Countries of Europe: Their Scenery and Peoples, Chapter 12: "Russia" \(pp.224-249\).](#)

Additionally, you can learn more about Anastasia Romanov, the History of Russia, the fall of the Soviet Union, and more in documentaries linked on the website (they are not included in the PDF).

"My turn shall also come: I sense the spreading of a wing."

~ Osip Mandelstam

History & Geography

RUSSIAN FEDERATION



Legend:

- ⊙ International capital
- City, town
- - - International boundary
- Road
- Rail road

Scale:

0 200 400 600 800 1000 1200 1600 km

0 200 400 600 800 1000 mi

Neighboring Countries:

1. ESTONIA
2. LATVIA
3. LITHUANIA
4. REP. OF MOLDOVA
5. GEORGIA
6. ARMENIA
7. AZERBAIJAN
8. TAJIKISTAN
9. KYRGYZSTAN

Dotted line represents approximately the Line of Control in Jammu and Kashmir agreed upon by India and Pakistan. The final status of Jammu and Kashmir has not yet been agreed upon by the parties.

The boundaries and names shown and the designations used on this map do not imply official endorsement or acceptance by the United Nations.



Grand Duchess Anastasia Romanov

June 18, 1901 – July 17, 1918

Anastasia Romanov, the youngest daughter of Tsar Nicholas II and Tsarina Alexandra, was born on June 18, 1901, in St. Petersburg, Russia. She was the fourth and youngest daughter of the royal couple, followed a few years later by their final child, a son named Alexei.

Anastasia's childhood was spent in the grandeur of the Russian palaces, surrounded by the love of her parents and siblings. Despite growing up amid the opulence of the palaces, Anastasia and her siblings were raised simply. The girls each shared a room with one of their sisters, sleeping on hard cots, and were expected to do chores and create needlework that would be sold for charity.

Anastasia was a bright, spirited child and the jokester of the family, known for making witty remarks and playing pranks on those around her. This earned her the nickname "Shvybzik," meaning "Little Mischief."

However, the tranquility of her early years was disrupted by the outbreak of World War I and the political unrest that followed. The Romanov family found themselves in a precarious position as Russia underwent significant social and political changes. During the war, Tsar Nicholas II went to serve on the front lines, and likewise, his family at home did what they could to help the war effort. Anastasia's mother and her two eldest sisters, Olga and Tatiana, became nurses who looked after injured soldiers. Though too young to serve as nurses, Anastasia and her sister Maria visited the hospital frequently to help raise the soldiers' spirits.

Over the years, Anastasia's family had become close to a man named Grigori Rasputin, who claimed to be a healer and a holy man. He gave their family spiritual counsel, and Anastasia's mother believed he helped young Alexei when he dealt with bouts of a chronic sickness called hemophilia. This scandalized the Russian public, who saw him as a wild, unkempt man, and were disturbed by the influence he held over the royal family. Things came to a head when Anastasia's mother appointed him to a position of political influence, though he had little qualifications, which outraged many, and seeds of discontent continued to take root among the people of Russia. In December 1916, Rasputin was assassinated by members of the Russian nobility. This was just the beginning of the political unrest that was soon to follow.

In 1917, the Russian Revolution began to unfold, leading to Tsar Nicholas II's abdication and the Romanov dynasty's end. Tension boiled over among the Russian working class after years of poor working conditions and mistreatment of peasants by the wealthy. This was followed by food shortages and military losses caused by poor leadership that only increased the hardships. This led to widespread rioting by the people, and the Tsar was eventually forced to step down from his throne. The family was placed under house arrest, and their once secure lives were replaced with uncertainty. As a new political sect called the Bolsheviks took control, the Romanovs faced an increasingly challenging situation.

The fate of Anastasia and her family took a dark turn in 1918. The Romanovs were moved to Ekaterinburg, where they were held captive in the Ipatiev House. On the night of July 17, 1918, Anastasia was executed by Bolshevik guards along with her parents, sisters, and brother. Anastasia was just seventeen years old. This event would mark the end of the Romanov dynasty.

For many years, the fate of Anastasia remained a mystery as rumors circulated that she may have survived the execution. This fueled numerous claims of sightings of Anastasia and her family members. The discovery of the Romanovs' remains in a mass grave in Ekaterinburg in 1991 helped to lay some of these speculations to rest, but two of the victims were not found, leading to wild tales that one or more members of the royal family may have survived. Anastasia, in particular, was the subject of many such rumors, and there were at least ten impersonators of her in the years to follow.

Anna Anderson was the most famous of these Anastasia imposters, claiming she had been rescued by a guard and going as far as to file a lawsuit to prove her identity. Though many who had known the real Anastasia did not believe Anna, there was still great speculation about her claims throughout her life. When she died, it was proven through DNA analysis that she was not related to the Romanovs. In August 2007, two final remains were found in a nearby grave, further discrediting these rumors. Through advanced DNA testing, scientists confirmed the identities of each of the Romanovs, laying to rest the long-standing mystery of their fate. This dispelled the public's lingering doubts about Anastasia's survival.

Anastasia Romanov's life and tragic end have captured the world's imagination, inspiring numerous books, movies, and plays. Anastasia and her family were made passion bearers, a type of saint, by the Russian Orthodox Church in 2000 to honor their deaths. Her story continues to evoke sympathy and intrigue, symbolizing the tumultuous period of the Russian Revolution and the downfall of a once-mighty dynasty. The mystery that once surrounded Anastasia's fate has left an indelible mark on history, ensuring that the memory of this bright, vivacious girl lives on.



Nature Study

Each Friday morning, you will go through two of our nature cards. They are labeled in the upper right corner with the corresponding week. These are short, factual cards with images to help your child become familiar with objects in the natural world.

As you progress through our sessions, you may find it handy to keep your past nature cards in a binder for easy reference when your children come across a familiar object. These seeds you are planting will grow into a wonderful garden of knowledge for your children in years to come.

As you explore nature outside your home, watch and listen for newly discovered delights. Most of all, remember...

"Point to some lovely flower or gracious tree, not only as a beautiful work, but as a beautiful thought of God."

~ Charlotte Mason

Nature Study

1

Grey Wolves *Canis lupus*

- Grey wolves are the largest of their kind.
- Wolves are carnivores and eat meat.
- A wolf's sense of smell is about 100 times greater than a human's sense of smell.
- Wolves live in groups called packs. Baby wolves stay with their parent's pack for two years before joining other packs or starting their own.



1

Russian Sage *Perovskia atriplicifolia*

- The Russian sage is tall, airy, and lavender in color.
- These plants need full sun and minimal water.
- The leaves of the Russian sage are slightly toxic, though you can eat the flowers.
- The crushed flowers of this plant can be used to make dye.
- The plant is said to have a strong scent that smells like a cross between lavender and sage.



2

Siberian Tiger *Panthera tigris altaica*

- The Siberian tiger is almost extinct. There are only around 500 left in the wild.
- No two tigers have the same striped pattern - just like a human's fingerprints!
- Because of the dangers of extinction, there have been new laws created to prevent poaching and hunting of tigers.
- Siberian tigers eat several different species of animals and hunt often.



2

Chamomile *Matricaria chamomilla*

- Chamomile is Russia's national flower.
- Its name comes from words meaning "earth apple" in Greek.
- Chamomile flowers are known for their medical benefits and herbal uses.
- Chamomile has been used by the Romans and Greeks to help wounds heal quickly.



3

Siberian Husky *Canis lupus familiaris*



- Siberian huskies originated from north-eastern Siberia.
- Siberian huskies are work dogs and are used for sledding.
- Their thick double coats make them well-suited for colder climates.
- Huskies are known for howling, not barking like other dogs.
- Siberian huskies have been featured in movies like *Eight Below*, *Balto*, and *Snow Buddies*.

3

Siberian Peashrub *Caragana arborescens*



- The Siberian peashrub grows best in dry climates.
- In their first year, they can grow 1-3 feet.
- Siberian peashrubs can grow up to 18" high.
- They have a large root system and are sometimes used to control erosion.
- Siberian peashrubs have seed pods that pop open when they dry, which releases their seeds.

4

Wolverines *Gulo gulo*



- The Siberian wolverine's nickname is the "skunk bear."
- Wolverines are members of the weasel family.
- Despite their small size, wolverines can hunt large prey during wintertime, when they have a speed advantage.
- Wolverines are about 14-18" tall and weigh between 24 and 36 pounds.
- Wolverines are omnivores and eat plants and meat.

4

Siberian Fawn Lily *Erythronium sibiricum*



- The Siberian fawn lily is a perennial in the liliaceae family.
- Another nickname for this flower is the Siberian trout lily.
- This flower is most often found in Siberia, but it can also be found in Kazakhstan or Mongolia.
- It grows in altitudes of 1100-2500 meters.
- The Siberian fawn lily's preferred environments are subalpine meadows, forests, and thickets.



Handicraft

For our handicraft lesson, we will be creating friendship bracelets! You can choose to keep them or to give them away to friends and family- or better yet, do both!

Pick up some colorful string from a nearby craft store and have fun creating these memorable pieces for you and your friends!

"I've filled him with the Spirit of God, giving him skill and know-how and expertise in every kind of craft to create designs ... he's an all-around craftsman."

~ Exodus 31:3-5

Handicraft Lesson

Friendship Bracelet

Directions

Please Note: We have included a step-by-step *video* with this session's handcraft. Please see the "Handicrafts Section" on the website.

We encourage you to watch the video all the way through before beginning the project.

Additionally, there is a close-up of the "4" stringing method at the 7:15 mark in the video.



Supplies

- Scissors
- Clipboard
- Embroidery Thread, 40-50 inches long (up to 4 colors for 4 strands)
- Soft Measuring Tape

Join our *Awaken to Delight* Community!



Art Lessons

Brand new and exclusive art lessons from the Masterpiece Society. The high quality you've come to expect from us there will be in this membership as well, with multiple art mediums!



Handicrafts

Seasonal and historical-themed handicrafts for upper elementary through high school, including sewing, crocheting, weaving, woodworking, woodburning, jewelry-making, and more!



Nature Study & Activities

Fun, seasonal activities for studying nature, watercolor nature journaling lessons, and nature crafts.



Charlotte Mason Morning Time

Access to our ENTIRE library of morning time sessions, plus exclusive content for members only!

For more truth, beauty, & goodness in your homeschool, join our community & receive access to our entire library of morning time plans, exclusive art & handicraft lessons, nature studies, nature crafts & much, much more! Visit us at awakentodelight.com/community.